The Chinook

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The Chinook

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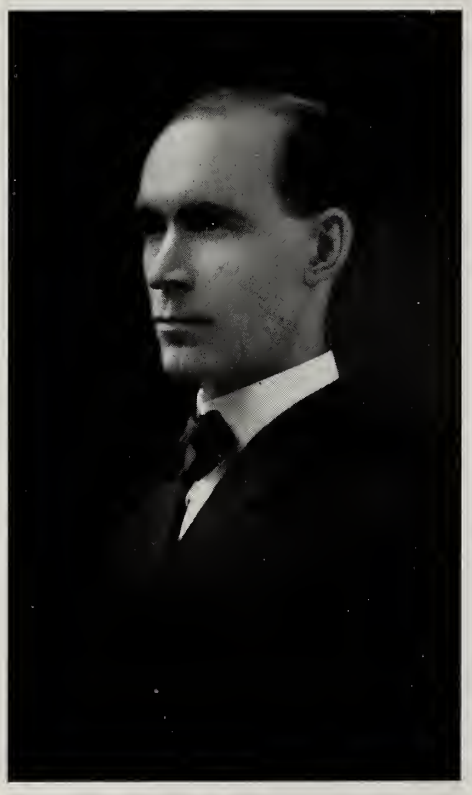
THE CHINOOK

ANNUAL OF THE MONTANA STATE NORMAL COLLEGE

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1916

1916

The Chinook



1916

The Chinook

Dedication

To
E. Ray Mosher, our Class
Professor, this book
is dedicated

1916

The Chinook

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1916

FOREWORD

In preparing this Annual, our aim has been to make it a true reflection of the School Year, 1915-16 as it was spent at M. S. N. S., and to have it serve as a reminder of our College Days.

It is with the hope that this aim may be realized that we present the 1916 Chinook to our readers

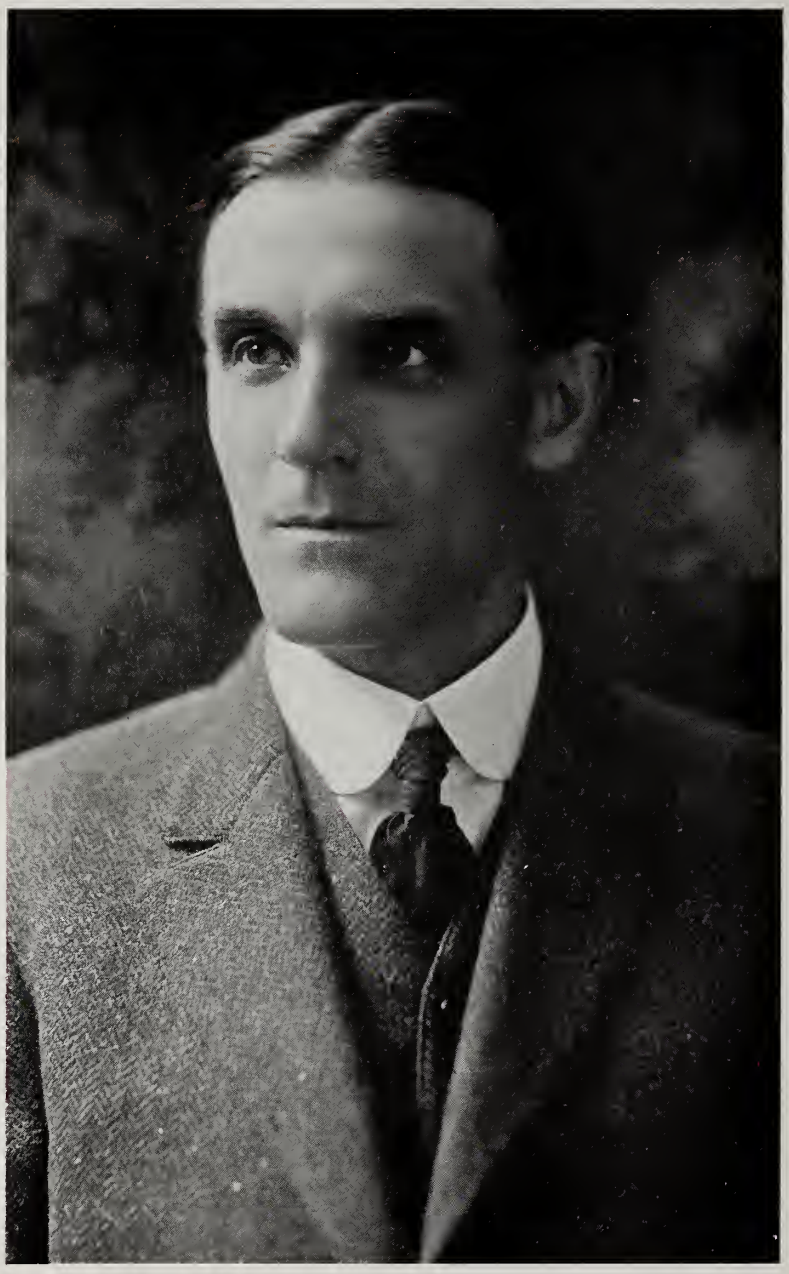
The Chinook

1916

The Chinook Staff

Edith Johnson	*Editor-in-Chief*
Carol Scott	*Assistant Editor*
Oliver L. Baxter	*Business Manager*
Marguerite Pendergast	*Assistant Manager*
Emily Kramer	*Artist*
Estella Knotts	*Artist*
Marguerite Pendergast	*Athletic Editor*
Katherine Hampston	*Assistant Athletic Editor*
Iva Benedick	*Joke Editor*
Evangeline Lowther	*Joke Editor*
Bessie Smith	*Joke Editor*
Howard E. Elliott	*Class President*

The Chinook



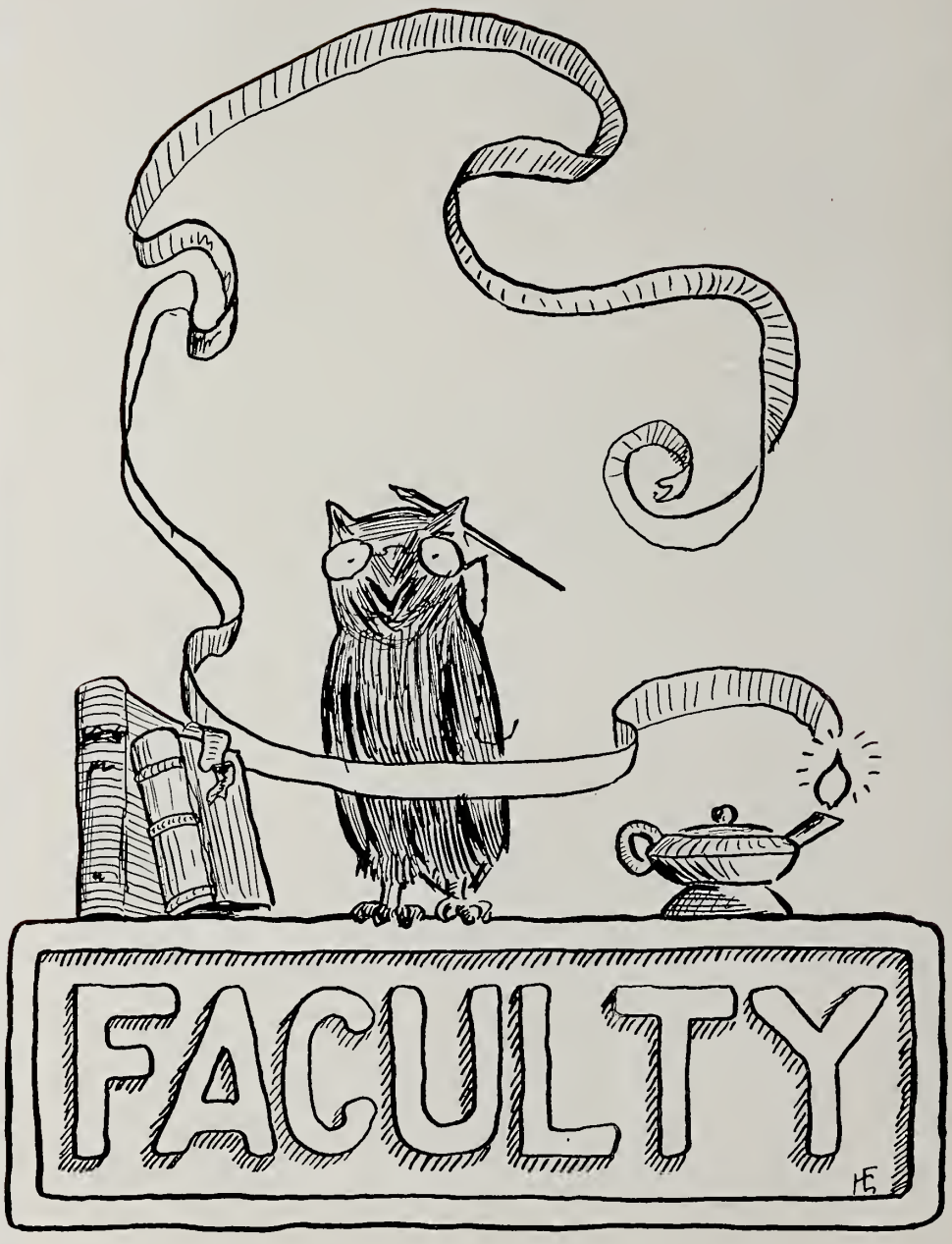
Chancellor Elliott

1916

Our Chancellor

Dr. Edward C. Elliott came from Wisconsin to assume the duties of Chancellor of the University of Montana. He began his work here on February first. Already he has endeared himself to the students of the Normal College, and we take this means of expressing our deep regard for him.

The Chinook



1916

Joseph E. Monroe, B.A.

Kansas Normal College, University of Glasgow, New York University
President

E. Ray Mosher, A.M.
Western Reserve University
University of Minnesota
Vice President and Professor of Mathematics

Mrs. Anna W. Owsley
Matron

Lucy H. Carson, M.A.
University of Illincis,
Illinois State Normal University
University of Chicago
Professor of English

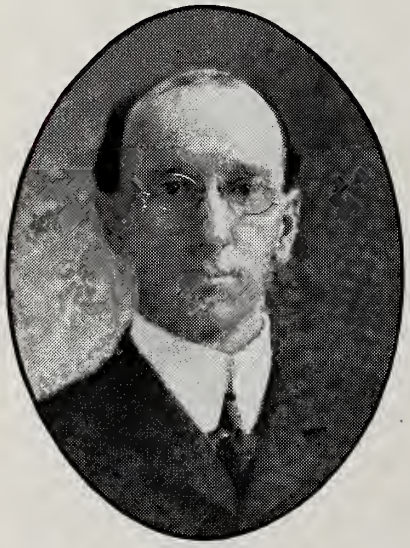
Mrs. Laura M. Kress, B. L.
University of Wisconsin
Professor of Latin and German

Robert Clark, M.A.
Clark University, Amherst College,
New York University
Professor of Psychology and Biology

Addie E. Bettes
Grand Rapids Training School,
University of Michigan, University
of Chicago
Professor of Primary Methods and
Supervisor of Primary Training

Nina M. Nash
Madison State Normal School,
Teachers' College, Columbia
University, Chicago University
Professor of Intermediate Methods,
and Supervisor of Intermediate
Training

Mrs. Lillian R. Free
Wisconsin Library Commission
Librarian



Frank Harmon Garver, M.A., Ph.D.
Upper Iowa University;
State University of Iowa
Professor of History and Economics

Walter Scott, B.S., A.M.
Valparaiso University, Yale University
Harvard University
Professor of Physics and Chemistry

Edith Hatch
Cincinnati Conservatory of Music,
Instructor in Piano, Pipe Organ,
Voice and Harmony

John B. Cluley
Central Michigan State Normal School
University of Wisconsin
Instructor in Drawing and
Manual Arts

Stella Henderson
Iowa State Teacher's College,
Cornell College, Iowa
Instructor and Supervisor in
Penmanship

Elizabeth Hinshaw
Glendale College, Ohio
University of Illinois
Instructor in Domestic Science

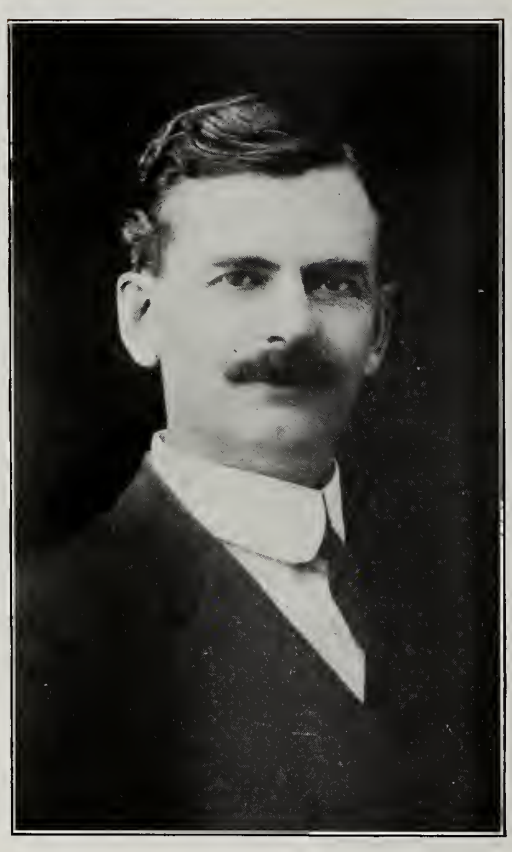
Anna C. New, A.B.
Millikin University,
Instructor in English and Mathematics

Ruth Covington, A.B., B.S. in Ed.
University of Missouri
Instructor of Physical Culture and Playground

Mrs. Catherine Quinn
Assistant Matron

Rebecca L. Lawrence
Secretary to the President

Genieve Taylor
Frances Shiner School, Chicago
University, Crane Normal Institute of Music, Potsdam, N. Y. Hinman School of Folk and Gymnastic Dancing Chicago Instructor in Music



GRANT E. FINCH, M.Ph., Sc.D.
Upper Iowa University;
University of Chicago,
Superintendent of Training School
Professor of Methods

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Normal College Building

1916

The Chinook

SENIORS

Senior Class Organization

Class Professor	Prof. E. R. Mosher
President	Howard Elliott
Vice President	Alice Roe
Secretary	Edna Johnson
Treasurer	Helena Graham

CLASS MOTTO

Never give up

COLORS

Bright Red and Gray

FLOWER

Red Carnation

SENIOR CLASS

HOWARD E. ELLIOTT, B.Pd.
Weiser High School, Idaho, 1911; Class President; Tennis Club.

Now many things could we say of our "Chief"
But for want of more space must needs be brief;
He's artistic and real, athletic with zeal,
And the strength of his work we all feel.

ALICE ROE
Prep., M.S.N.C.; Class vice-president; Literary Editor, Chinook; Assistant Business Manager, Monmal; P.I.G. Club; K.Z.N.

Our vice-president is Alice so fine,
Arithmetic her special line,
In English, too, she does excel,
For themes she writes extremely well.

EDNA R. JOHNSON
Anaconda High School, 1914; Treasurer; Class Secretary; Monmal Board; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club; Y.W.C.A.; Basket Ball.

Here's Edna, our Secretary fair
With bright blue eyes and yellow hair,
Her books are up, reports are out,
And of her work we never doubt.

HELENA GRAHAM

Ricker Classical Institute, Haulton, Maine, 1914; Class treasurer; Editor, Monmal; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club; Y.W. C.A.; German Club.

Helena Graham our treasurer is
And also our Monmal editor whiz;
She works and works with all her might,
Ever producing some new delight.

BLANCHE HURLBURT

Thompson Falls High School, 1914; Secretary K.Z.N.; Child Study Club.

Now Blanche most books does know,
And when to the library we go
To search for aid in the reference line,
She helps us every single time.

OLIVER L. BAXTER

Central Normal College, Danville, Indiana 1914; Business Manager, Chinook; Child Study Club; Tennis Club.

The manager of this wonderful book
Never a task or duty forsook;
If his name it is you are after
'Tis our jolly, good Mr. Oliver Baxter.

Frances Baldwin

Montpelier, Idaho High School, 1914; K.Z.N.; Basket ball; Tennis Club; Child Study Club.

Here's Frances Baldwin, nice and tall,
Who makes a good center for basket ball;
At grammar grade teaching she's a shark,
In this, her work, she'll make a mark.

Ruth Steeves

Park County High School, K.Z.N.; Basket ball; Child Study Club.

When as right guard we have Steve,
All fear the Senior Class does leave;
For she's always alive and steady,
And every game does find her ready.

Dorothy Mercier

Park County High School, 1914; K.Z.N.; Y.W.C.A.; Glee Club; Child Study Club.

There's a girl in our class called Dot
Who shirking her work is never caught;
When it comes to writing a Monmal story,
She surely is there in all her glory.

Ella Kramer
Butte High School, 1912; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club.

When of Ella Kramer we do tell,
We must say her humor's developed well;
You know Ella always loves to chaff,
And at every joke, how she does laugh.

Joy Graves
Chouteau High School; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club.

Of athletic frame of mind
Is the maid that here we find;
She revels in coaching basket ball,
And teaches her pupils fancy steps all.

Stella Goss
Prep M.S.N.C., 1913; P.I.G. Club.

Stella Goss does study each night,
And she works with all her might;
She likes spelling and chemistry—
A rural school ma'am to be.

THERESA REICHLE
Butte Central High School; K.Z.N.; German Club.

Tessie is our German lass,
Star of oral English class.
All of us know some day her name
In literature will gain wide fame.

ANNA JACKSON
Butte High School, 1915.

A teacher suited to guide the child,
For she is ever gentle and mild,
Is Anna J. so tall and slim
Who works always with such a vim.

AMY SPILLER
Belt Valley High School; K.Z.N.

Who has hair so dark and brown?
Whose eyes the brownest are in town?
Can't you guess it—don't you see?
'Tis Amy Spiller—Q.E.D.

EMILY KRAMER

Butte High School, 1914; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club; Chinook Artist.

O, Emily K.,
A Senior gay
In every lark
Is there from the start.

MAE DEE

Anaconda High School, 1914; Vice-president K.Z.N.; Child Study Club.

Mae Dee who excells in cookery
Is our vice-president in sorority.
She's always present when there's work to be done,
Yet ever ready to join in all fun.

KATHERINE HAMPSTON

Butte Central High School, 1913; President K.Z.N.; Basket Ball; Child Study Club; Assistant Athletic Editor, Chinook; Tennis Club.

Our Sorority president, tall and sedate
Is Katherine Hampston—we call her Kate;
She always responds whenever we call
And her willing help is sought by all.

Iva Benedick

Prep., M.S.N.C., 1913; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club; Tennis Club; Joke Editor, Chinook.

Iva who's both clever and witty,
Writes for our Annual many a ditty,
Ever for jokes this girl does look,
She's a joke editor of the Chinook.

Muzetta Williams

Butte High School, 1904; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club.

Muzetta is really very bright;
She often works quite late at night.
In all the things she strives to do,
Her dauntless spirit bears her through.

Edith Johnson

Great Falls High School, 1912; K.Z.N.; Child Study Club; Basket ball; Y.W.C.A.; Glee Club.

Late at night when in the hall
We see a light on the eastern wall,
If, into the cause of that brightness we look,
We'll find it's for Edith who edits Chinook.

MARGUERITE PENDERGAST
Prep. M.S.N.C.; Sextette; Glee Club; Orchestra; Basket ball; K.Z.N.; Assistant Business Manager, Chincok; President P. I. G. Club.

Our Penny in basket ball does shine,
At making baskets she is fine;
In the College orchestra she plays,
And in sextette sings merry lays.

BESSIE SMITH, B.Pd.
Harlowtown High School, 1913; K.Z.N.; Y.W.C.A.; German Club; Sextette; Glee Club; Joke Editor, Chinook.

Our Brown-eyed Bess comes next,
In primary teaching she's the best.
In sextette soprano she sings;
This dear maid does many nice things.

MAY MARCHESSEAU
Prep., M.S.N.C.; K.Z.N.; Glee Club; P.I.G.Club.

Now comes Miss May Marchesseau
Like her name, she will march just so
Onward to the teacher's row;
There she will much knowledge sow.

Carol Scott
Prep., M.S.N.C.; K.Z.N.; Basket ball; Child Study Club; P.I.G. Club. Tennis Club; Assistant Editor, Chinook.

Who does our editor assist?
Whose winning ways can we not resist?
Now you must guess it—fail you cannot,
Because you know—'tis Carol Scott.

Margaret Young
Three Forks High School, 1915; K.Z.N.

Wee Margaret of the auburn hair,
Oh, you who are so very fair,
We're very much inclined to fear
You'll stay a schoolma'am only a year.

Montana Gilbert
Beaverhead County High School; K.Z.N.

The girl whose name is the same as our state
Aspires to teach primary children of eight;
Strives hard and tries to do all her work,
And seldom a duty does she shirk.

ESTHER BUSCH, B.Pd.
Butte High School, 1914; K.Z.N.; German Club; Basket ball.

Of our guard in basket ball we rave,
She's smiling and calm and never does push.
Long hunts for literary books she'll save,
This ambitious degree student Busch.

CATHERINE R. NILAN
K.Z.N.; Orchestra; Glee Club; Child Study Club.

Now, music is Catherine's specialty,
You ought to hear her sing high C;
For us the piano she oft does play,
And we like to dance whenever we may.

GERTRUDE MCCARTHY
Custer County High School; K.Z.N.

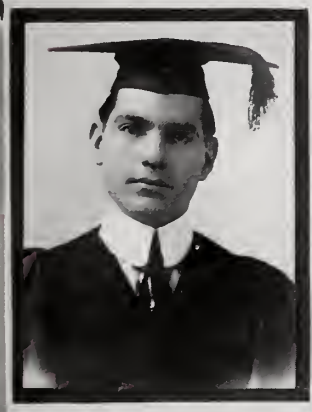
At M.S.N.C.
She's been just a year,
Yet we all agree
That Gertrude's a dear.

ESTELLA KNOTTS
Beaverhead County High School; K.Z.N.; Glee Club; Child Study Club.

Do you know Stell,
The popular belle,
Whose skating is fine,
Whose singing's sublime?

EVANGELINE LOWTHER
Butte High School, 1913; K.Z.N.; Joke Editor, Chinook.

In "yellology," Vange is versed,
When the Chancellor came here first,
She led in every College yell;
She leads in all the games as well.

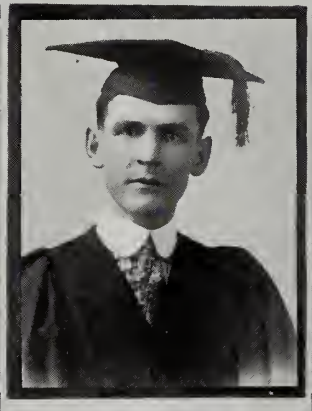


RAY SPENCER, B.Pd.
Mankato High School, Kansas; Tennis Club.

"Spence" worked hard for a B. Pd.,
Did fine work in Chemistry;
Every thing in Physics, knew,
Assisted Scott in lab work, too.

Clara Reddington
Beaverhead High School.

Clara is a Dillon maid;
When she receives her final grade,
She wishes to teach in Idaho;
The reason for this we do not know.



Howard B. Epler, B.Pd.
Tecumpseh High School, Nebraska; President, Oratorical Association; Tennis Club.

The darkest night is a lucky thing
For the girls who are out and want to sneak in;
But Epler turns that flash of his
Upon the guilty person's "phiz."

Marguerite E. Marcum
Helena High School, 1914; K.Z.N.; Basket ball; Glee Club; German Club; Child Study Club, Y.W.C.A.

Who plays right forward for our class?
'Tis Marguerite Marcum, bright little lass;
At other games, too, she oft does play,
And ever and always is jolly and gay.

Elizabeth Harrison
Prep., M.S.N.C.; K.Z.N.

Elizabeth Harrison left us last fall,
Yet we know she remembers each and all;
Although many other classes she's seen,
She's ever faithful to 1916.

Ruth Orr

Ruth Orr, a care free little girl,
Who ne'er was known to worry
But took her part with a right good will,
And when she worked, she worked in a hurry.

Senior Class Roll

Edna R. Johnson
Evangeline A. Lowther
Helen R. Graham
Esther C. Busch
Anna Quinn
Joy Graves
Edith Johnson
Theresa Reichle
Anna Jackson
Montana Gilbert
Katherine A. Hampston
May Marchesseau
Ella Kramer
Carol Scott
Anna Powers
Stella Goss

Irene Seidenick
Howard B. Epler
Margaret Young
Gertrude McCarthy
Catherine Nilan
Alice Roe
Mae Dee
Ethel Adams
Ruth C. Steeves
Bessie Smith
Estella Knotts
Cloea Thomas
Ray Spencer
Julia Kelly
Minnie Turner
Mable Malee

Katherine O'Brien
Blanche Hurlburt
Howard Elliott
Amy Spiller
Muzetta Williams
Marguerite Marcum
Elizabeth Harrison
Marguerite Pendergast
Frances A. Baldwin
Dorothy M. Mercier
Ruth Orr
Iva L. Benedick
Emily Kramer
Oliver L. Baxter
Clara Reddington
Sarah Lynch

"Bill"

"Whoopee! The new teacher is coming to-morrow! Won't I have some fun! Wonder if she'll be like the last one—an old maid with black rimmed specs and a nose like a can opener." These remarks were addressed to a little scrawny mite of a girl by her twelve-year-old brother Bill. It was the day before the re-opening of the school after the first half of the school had elapsed, which, due to Bill's "fun," had not been altogether a success, and the teacher decided that she would give up teaching "for a spell" and retire to her homestead for a rest. (Poor soul, she needed one!)

Bill Shirtz was the eldest boy of a family of eight. Big and husky, he lorded over them all even to his patient, tolerant mother and his easy-going, happy-go-lucky father. Every teacher within the last few years had been solemnly instructed by the "board" to "make that Shirtz boy behave." There had been various results.

And thus, due to Bill's peculiar talent for mischief, Miss Merrill received her first school. The county superintendent had seen her, and, noting her fresh enthusiasm and pleasing manner, had an inspiration. True, Miss Merrill had had no experience, and older heads had failed, but why not give her a chance? So one day Miss Merrill was duly informed that she had been elected to teach the Bloody Dick school for the remainder of the term.

The first morning came at last. Bill was up early; he was always up early at school. There were so many things one could do beforehand by way of stuffing chimneys, upsetting books and desks and so forth. This particular morning was no exception; and besides he was anxious to get a squint at her to see if she fulfilled his expectations.

At 8:30 Miss Merrill arrived, not, however, as Bill anticipated, in an old "one hoss shay" drawn by a tired old nag, but riding horseback at a fast gallop. At first Bill could scarcely believe his eyes. "Gee! that can't be the teacher riding Howell's bay mare! Why, that mare bucked old Howell off lots of times. Bet she'll get bucked off too," he added triumphantly.

But Miss Merrill didn't get bucked off. The bay mare, after a few flourishes, was coaxed to a standstill, and she safely dismounted. After greeting the assembled children pleasantly, Miss Merrill in a most business-like way began to unsaddle her horse.

And now, for the first time, Bill noticed the new teacher. She was young. Her nose wouldn't even suggest a can opener to the most imaginative; her hair curled about her face; and she wore no glasses at all, but her eyes were brown and twinkling; while a merry smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. Somehow, Bill couldn't associate her with the teachers he had known. "Why, she'd be a good pal," he thought.

Miss Merrill looked just a little daunted when she viewed her school house for the first time. It had formerly been the cabin of a "drylander" who, because of failure, had moved away. The last teacher had evidently been too tired to do much toward improving the appearance of things. Several window panes were patched with paper; evergreens left over from the last Christmas entertainment, drooping with their burden of dust, still decorated the rough white (?) washed walls. The ceiling was lined with white-washed cheese cloth, and was torn away at one corner where daring mountain rats often peered down at the children, much to the delight of the latter.

"I guess, children, we have to play at house cleaning first of all," said Miss Merrill as she donned a becoming pink apron which she had brought. "I'm going to let Bill (and she didn't persist in calling him by the hated name of William) be my special helper. Let us put these desks in place."

Flattered with his important position of special helper, Bill assisted in righting each desk. His sister Kizzie, who alone saw the humor of the situation, dared to laugh but was at once silenced by receiving a kick upon the shins, delivered with an emphatic shake of the head and a frown from Bill. And so the work progressed until it was pronounced satisfactory both by the teacher and Bill, and then school "took up" in earnest.

After singing "America," the only song with which the children seemed familiar and in which Bill joined with lusty shouts, Miss Merrill opened her desk. A large frog promptly fled over the teacher's lap as the lid was lifted. It happened to be one of the large garden variety (Bill had brought it from home) and Miss Merrill, realizing her opportunity for a lesson in nature study, appealed to Bill to catch the frog and put it in the jar which had done duty as a vase on her desk. Somewhat shamefaced, Bill gave chase and soon had the frog a prisoner where all could see him. Then followed a discussion of frogs—their habits, use, and so forth. Bill, a natural nature student, was drawn out and little realized that he was making a regular recitation as he told all he knew about frogs.

That evening on their way home Kizzie dared to remark: "Oh! you're the teacher's pet, Bill." Luckily Kizzie was very near home when she made this statement, as she was able to reach her mother's protecting arms before Bill overtook her.

But each day, it seemed to Miss Merrill, a new beginning had to be made. Once Bill arrived with his pockets filled with small shot which he proceeded to flip across the room. Next "spit-balls," shot through a brass rod, chased each other behind the teacher's back. But each day, too, some natural curiosity—an odd rock, a bright feather, or pretty bits of flint—found its way to the teacher's desk.

And then one day the cowboy arrived with his herd, which he guarded as they grazed on the foothills near the school yard. And strange to say this particular cow herder suddenly developed a strange interest in school and school affairs. Each noon as the children played games, he came to interview Miss Merrill. Upon such occasions Kizzie lingered patiently near, much to the chagrin of the cowboy. Miss Merrill wondered at the child's evident devotion until one day she learned the reason. Kizzie and Bill had had a quarrel, and that day when the cowboy came, Kizzie, full of wrath, appeared as usual and said, "I don't care what Bill says. I'm going to play. He told me to watch, so Calkins (the cowboy) couldn't propose, and if he did to call him. I'm just not going to stay! Let him listen himself." And with that, Kizzie ran to her playmates.

I shall not try to describe the effect of the child's words upon Miss Merrill and her friend. Suffice to say that when next he called, Miss Merrill was busy and had no time for visitors.

One day following this incident Bill appeared in the morning, holding by the hand his little brother Paul, age four. Bill informed Miss Merrill that "Paul has just come to visit." Pride shown in his eyes as he made this announcement. It was very evident that Bill was his younger brother's ideal, and what Bill did must be imitated as it was surely right. Paul sat with Bill, who amused him by drawing all sorts of funny images until Miss Merrill suggested that Paul go out and play in the yard.

The child had not been gone long when Miss Merrill heard a rumbling noise. and glancing out of the window, she saw a sight which almost made her heart stand still; for there, coming down the road at a fast pace, enveloped in a cloud of dust, was the herd of cattle. Little Paul, half concealed in a small tunnel which the children had dug at recess, was right in their path. Without hesitating a moment, Miss Merrill rushed out, and, seizing Paul, reached the school house with him just in time.

The children had congregated in a frightened little group in the doorway. In telling of the incident later at home Bill said, "Golly! it's a wonder them cows didn't git 'em both. Miss Merrill wasn't a bit scared. She just run and grabbed Paul and yanked him up to the door. She even didn't think of her red waist—she just ran! Gee! I guess she ain't a school teacher at 'tall! Guess I'll just marry her when I'm a man and I don't care who knows it." And that night, on the pretense of hunting for the spotted heifer that had gotten out of the field, Bill ran to the school house and removed the gunny sack which he had stuffed down the chimney in the anticipation of a cold day when a fire would be needed.

I'd like to end this story by telling you that Bill was a good boy ever after, but boys will be boys, I guess. Often the cow incident was forgotten, and he suffered many relapses into his former ways, but at the close of the term the trustees voted, one and all, that they had had one school ma'rm that made that Shirtz boy behave, but they'd be blessed if they knew how she did it.

T. REICHLE, '16.

The Seniorid--A La Aeneid

POET'S THEME.

Deeds and exploits I sing of the Senior class of the Normal
Who from their homes in the city, from rural schools and from high schools,
Urged by desire for wisdom, and the hope of uplifting their pupils,
Influenced too, by ambitions financial, came to this college.
Many the trials they endured in nineteen fourteen and fifteen.
Juniors they were then and labored through g'ography, physics, and English;
These being safely completed, they claimed now the glory of Seniors.

INVOCATION.

Garver, O Patron of History, set down these annals immortal,
Deeds of these glorious Seniors, led by redoubtable Mosher;
These to be read in the future by all those who frequent the campus,
Giving instruction and guidance to Juniors and all under-class girls.

THE RETURN.

Guided by Wisdom's hand, the Seniors in fall re-assembled,
Met in the parlor to greet in reception old friends and new ones.

THE GO.

Great was the joy which all classmen did feel when the day of the Go came.
Early on Saturday morning, the twenty-fifth day of September,
Hay racks, just three in number, carryalls, autos, and horses
Halted in front of the college, waited for students so many,
Ready to go to Sheep Canyon, attired in sweaters and blazers.
Long was the ride, and the questions oft asked by each of the riders
Was, "Are we pretty near there?" and the one well informed did answer,
"Right over yonder I see it; my glasses assist my clear vision.
True to this wonderful prophecy, soon did we reach our Sheep Canyon.
There did we eat many viands all served by the glorious Seniors.
Down to the stream then the Seniors did rally to clean the numberless dishes.
After this wonderful exploit, all started to walk to the Rye Patch;
Came to the place in due season and left there the signs of their presence;
Jubilant, started then homeward, still giving school yells in profusion,
Soaked by the rain but undaunted in spirit they came to the Normal.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Then on the evening appointed all of the students at the Normal,
Faculty, too, with their families, met in the spacious apartment.
First came a suffragette drama (our teachers disguised as the actors),
Great were their impersonations, their make-up astonishing truly.
Shown then was Old King Cole's court, and music galore they did furnish.
(Seniors these were); and now following them came the Juniors so jolly,
Gathered together at some railway station in garments fantastic.
Cowboy and actress, nurse and policeman, small (?) daughter with mother.
Terrified then was the audience seeing before them some spirits.
Were they the Gods come to earth? No, but the faculty members
Come to receive their last judgment there at the gateway of heaven.

Nobly the Freshman class president acted the part of St. Peter.
Sent to the land of shades the professors of science and nature;
Sent to their just reward the Freshmen and Senior protectors.
Marvelous, too, was the stunt which the little Prep class then presented,
Up side down, wrong side to, gayly they danced to the joy of the watchers.
Worn now by laughter and shouting, the students retired to their couches,
Dreaming of visions fantastic, of goblins and witches and fairies.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Next Tennis Tournament claimed the attention of all expert players;
Filled were the courts with athletes who worked for their class in the contest.
Juniors, through practice proficient became and so won all the laurels.
Then to the rescue of the Senior class came R. Mosher so skillful.
Vanquished the previous victors and by careful and glorious playing
Carried off honors sufficient for him and the Senior class members.

BASKET BALL.

Once again Seniors and Juniors engaged in athletic contest,
Basket ball this time it was and the tournament called forth a struggle,
Score at the end of the first game—13 to 15 for Juniors.
Great was excitement in second game, would that the Seniors could win it.
Loud were the cheers and the atmosphere tense as the team took their places.
Fiercely they battled and quick were the passes as Seniors then Juniors
Captured the ball, but the Juniors succeeded in making first score.
Seniors succeeded in tying the score and their hopes were uplifted.
Ah! again they were shattered for the Juniors have made one more basket.
Will now the Seniors be able to vie them? The ball's now in their hands.
What do we hear now? The whistle—and thus ends the basket ball season.

PARTIES.

Mosher, the class entertained at a sleigh-riding party so jolly,
Lifting them into the vehicle high by a tall elevator;
Took them all back to his bungalow where they all toasted marshmallows.
Served each and all at a banquet which ended with toasts and bright speeches
Given by notable persons assembled around the big tables.

Washington's birthday arrived and the Senior class sent invitations;
Students and faculty got them and went at the hour appointed.
There at the door they were met by historical persons most famous,
Washington, Adams, their ladies—and lo, even Benjamin Franklin.
Charming colonial ladies in costumes old-fashioned and dainty,
Dignified men with white wigs and lace ruffles all joined in procession,
Danced the Virginia reel and colonial minuet stately.

CONCLUSION.

Followed in rapid succession May festival, Pow Wow, and banquet
Given by Juniors in honor of Seniors before their departure.
Seniors presented their class play and brought down the house by their acting.
Final exams were then finished and stately and dignified Seniors
Wandered about in their caps and gowns somber, the envy of Juniors.
Went in a body to listen to their baccalaureate sermon;
Finished their course on Commencement day and bade farewell to the Normal.

1916

NORMAL DORMITORIES, DILLON

The Chinook

The Chinook

JUNIORS

1916

Junior Class Organization

FIRST SEMESTER

Class professor - - - - - WALTER SCOTT
President - - - - - - LAURA RENOUARD
Vice-president - - - - - - MAE LORETZ
Treasurer - - - - - VICTORIA M. BETOR
Secretary - - - - - - HENRY HOFFLAND

SECOND SEMESTER

Class professor - - - - - - WALTER SCOTT
President - - - - - MABEL SEIDENSTICKER
Vice-president - - - - - MAE LORETZ
Treasurer - - - - - KATHRYN NAUGHTON
Secretary - - - - - - HENRY HOFFLAND

CLASS MOTTO

Rowing, not drifting

CLASS FLOWER

Chrysanthemum

CLASS COLORS

Green and Gold

YELLS

1. Ala-garoo! garoo! garoo!
   Wahoo! Wahoo! Bazoo! Bazoo!
   Hicky, picky, Dominicky!
   Sis! Boom! Bah!
   Juniors! Juniors
   Rah! Rah! Rah!

2. Kiepi! Kiepi! Kiepi! Kem!
   Of all the classes we are the gem,
   Are we in it? Well I guess,
   Juniors! Juniors! Yes! Yes! Yes!

3. There never is a minute,
   When the Juniors aren't in it,
   With a hee! and a haw!
   Juniors! Juniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

JUNIOR CLASS

MABEL SEIDENSTICKER

"Her looks are like a flower in May.
Her smile is like a summer moon."

MAE LORETZ

"An unfathomable mystery."

HENRY HOFFLAND

"The deed I intend is great, but what, as yet I know not."

VICTORIA BETOR

"They who have nothing to say
Have often the most irresistable impulse to speak."

Rose Drummond

"The good scatter blessings."

Alta Heinrich

"Indefatigable under adverse circumstances,
And she always gets there."

Laura Renouard

"She has been accused of having a sense of humor."

Bessie Dezell

"Her personality is the fountain-head of worth, genius, and power."

PATIENCE TENNEY

"Loud rings her silvery voice."

ANAH KIRK

"She has a mind of her own."

MABLE CARD

"Up and coming all the time."

JEAN EMERSON

"Not merely to exist, but to amount to something in life."

EDNA VOIGHT

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

FRANCES QUINN

"A quiet industrious young girl."

MABLE TAYLOR

"Those who know her, admire, her."

LUCILE SHARKEY

"Broad and deep is the soul within."

KATE SCULLY

"Always ready to do a good turn."

E. L. PROVOW

"He alone is courageous, who never despairs."

ANNA MCMAHON

"I chatter, chatter, as I go."

ARABELLA MCRAE

"College sure is the place to grow."

Florence Bloomstrom

"Flo' is meek, Flo' is mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child.

Catherine Mullins

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Frances Clague

"A strong and flexible mind is better than much knowledge."

Agnes Byrd

"Benignity and home-bred sense,
Ripening in perfect innocence."

Mayme Dowd

"The good die young, be careful!"

Kate Guilbault

"She is sweet, she is loving, she has never known hate;
Oh, the world's richest treasures seem poor beside Kate."

Edith Halliday

"E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

Violet Manuel

"Perpetually good-natured."

Margaret Rodgers

"Quality, not quantity."

Abbie Riley

"As credulous as she is straightforward."

Kathryn Rawlins

"What she wills to do is wisest, virtuous, and best."

Agnes Nevin

"To see her is to love her
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is
And never made another."

MABLE PETERSON

"You couldn't say "Charming" or have "Oh, how sweet!"
But she sure is a live one, and we call her "Pete."

HAZEL HOLMAN

"So sweetly modest and demure."

DOROTHY SHEPHERD

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

EILEEN WEYGANT

"Of strong resolution and steadfast purpose".

KATHRYN NAUGHTEN

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one Exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading."

ALPHA THOMPSON

"Power dwells with cheerfulness."

NAOMI LENNOX

"Placid as a summer night."

BARETH THOMPSON

"I will be, what I will be."

Bessie Thetge

"A heart high with courage, hope, and ambition."

Ruth Taylor

"She scatters happiness by being happy".

Helen Gebauer

"You are by nature warm and loving,
Therefore you heal by kindly thoughts."

Alene McFadden

"She made them all her mood to fit.
And made all subject to her wit."

Ottomar Martius

"Her smile is contagious"

Junior Class Roll

Victoria Betor
Frances Clague
Mayme Dowd
Jean Emerson
Alta Heinrich
Mildred Lawson
Agnes Lowney
Pearl Mathews
Loretta McGeehan
Catherine Mullins
Agnes Nevin
Edward L. Provow
Laura Renouard
Abbie Riley
Marge Rogers
Lucile Sharkey
Mabel Taylor
Helen Gebauer
Patience Tenney
Eileen Weygant

Florence Blomstrom
Mary Deeney
Mary Dreeland
Kate Guilbault
Henry Hoffland
Naomi Lenox
Violet Manuel
Mildred McDermott
Anna McMahon
Mary Murray
Katherine O'Keefe
Frances Quinn
Cecile Renouard
Mabel Roberts
Ann Sacket
Dorothy Shepherd
Bereth Thompson
Bessie Thetge
Ottomar Martius
Hazel Holman
DeForrest Graves

Agnes Byrd
Bessie Dezell
Rosa Drummond
Edith Halliday
Frances Kennedy
Mae Loretz
Angeline Maris
Alene McFadden
Arabella McRae
Katherine Naughton
Mabel Peterson
Kathryn Rawlins
Anna Rogers
Kate Scully
Mabel Seidensticker
Edna Voigt
Anah Kirk
Mabel Card
Lucy Lynch
Mary Quigley

A Junior's Life

O college life is so jolly and free,
I could live it forever and ever;
But of any I'd rather a Junior be
And a Senior I would be never.

We'll not be much disappointed, I guess,
For at the great rate we are poking,
Of Seniorship we would make a great mess,
We would think it a bit of joking.

'Cause we just labor from morning till night
We are so obedient and good;
But the Seniors ne'er work with all their might,
And some think the poor dears never could.

We're so conscientious we can't sleep at night,
We jump up at the sound of the bell;
And while others are sleeping sound and tight
We are rushing around pell mell.

Before breakfast we sit down and study
While our minds are so fresh and so clear,
Till we find we are late for the splendid repast
And rush down with trembling and fear.

Just the minute our eyes light on Bobby,
With aphasia we're stricken down,
For the brain and the nerves are his hobby,
But the work of our brains make him frown.

Mosher tells us each day in thrilling tones,
How to get rich quick and other things queer
Of brokers and stocks and bonds which *he* owns,
Guess he was meant for an auctioneer.

Why are Juniors all so loyal and true
And so famous for order and peace?
From Garver's history we've learned what to do
If such ideal conditions e'er cease.

In physics, the pendulum leisurely swings,
All our energy's turned into heat,
With force times momentum Scott madly flings
Questions taking us down to our seats.

In music our joy is complete and sure,
We voice it in glorious song and rhyme;
We pretend that we are children demure,
And the boys can pretend just fine.

With a rush and a bound we don our gym suits,
And then make a mad rush for the gym.
We dance, jump, and march like army recruits,
And make perfect our form, life, and limb.

We have the most able basket ball squad,
In quality quite unsurpassed;
Our guards and forwards are firm as a wall,
We hope they will never be outclassed.

We wonder who "played" the last Junior stunt,
The poor Seniors, I think, claim the right;
Whenever reminded they all just grunt
At the sweet memory of that night.

In point of swell (?) shoes and kimonos old,
Oh, the Seniors, we know, have us beat;
Yet if that junk at an auction were sold,
There'd be left not enough for a treat.

So here's to our college, the M. S. N. C.,
To our faculty members devout,
To Seniors and Juniors, Freshies and Preps,
For we're every one a good scout.

EDNA VOIGT, '17

The Biography of an Elk

In the heart of a particular pine forest is to be found one of nature's peaceful spots. Here on either side of the forest the mountains rise straight up on all sides, and snow fields are scattered on their peaks. In this one spot the gentians add their blue to that of the forget-me-nots and asters. The sleepy columbine winds itself among the wild roses. A babbling creek trespasses upon this clearing. And it was here in a bed of ferns that Patsy, a wee baby elk, was lying. His faithful mother had secluded him in this place from the prowling timber wolves and other dangers that might threaten her young. The young elk grew, and in the course of a few weeks it was able to accompany its fond parent to the grazing ground.

One day in the infancy of Patsy clouds gradually gathered over the mountains. The mother as usual was acting as sentinel against any enemy that might attack her offspring. Suddenly she raised her head as if startled, but after a few minutes of careful survey she stretched her neck and began anew to crop the forest grasses. The shot of a rifle rang out. The mother made one convulsive rush forward, then collapsed quickly. The murderer and the murderer's companion soon arrived at the scene. Then the clouds exchanged flashes of lightning, and the rain fell as in a deluge. All this, it seems, occurred just to hide the crime. The report of the gun frightened the band of elk feeding some distance off. They tossed their magnificent heads, and hurried clumsily away into the forest, leaving Patsy alone.

During the days of waiting for the herd's return, Patsy wandered about by himself. But the hope of the return seemed vain. One night in the beginning of fall when a light layer of snow lay on the ground, and the moon's light turned the night into day, the musical whistle of an antler could be heard from afar. All nature was impressed by the sound, especially one lone animal. After the reunion Patsy accompanied the band through woods and back and forth over the mountains many times. He and his companions remained in the mountains till long after the snow fell. When they could no longer paw away the snow from the beds of buried grass, they descended lower into the valleys. One night the bitter wind drove the small band of wanderers far from their usual feeding grounds. During the coldness of the night they entered a trapping pen, which contained plenty of hay and which also furnished them shelter. When morning dawned they found themselves penned in; all attempts at freedom were in vain. Soon a number of men appeared and selected the better ones of the band; then the left-overs were released. The captives were transported from the trapping pens to the shipping station in cages built on wagon beds. From here they were shipped

to parks and zoos in various parts of the United States. Some of the elk were unable to stand the hardships of the journey and perished on the way; others were trampled to death by their frightened comrades.

Patsy's journey was short. Arriving at his destination he was found to be too young to be put into the pen with the other animals, so he was sold to an individual to serve as a family pet. His new surroundings were unattractive, and he longed for the wilderness and his companions. This longing was overcome to some degree by the kindness of his keeper. In the course of a few years this true friend died. After this event Patsy was painfully neglected and went hungry many times. When the first signs of winter appeared, the old playfellow was turned out to rustle for himself. He knew not where to go or what to do. Finally he made his way slowly to the mountains. Day by day he became weaker and his vitality grew less. The farther he ascended the deeper fell the winter snows, and his progress was greatly hampered. Fir needles was the only nourishment he had and this was not much food for one that had not rustled for himself for a long time. At last he arrived at the gate of a farm corral. Here he was fed and cared for as he had been before his keeper's death. It was not long before he regained his strength and was set at liberty.

It would have been better if this freedom had never been given. He was still seeking for something that he could not find, and that was his home territory and the remainder of his kind. As he clumsily sauntered across a snowy field, he was detected by a couple of lads who saw their chance to satisfy their longing for one more set of pearly teeth. They set up a chase, firing at the fleeing elk as they followed close behind. At a critical moment Patsy become entangled in a barbed wire fence as he attempted to vault over it. The pursuer soon caught up to him. They extracted the teeth, and left the wounded monarch of the forest to die a slow and painful death between the wires of the fence.

The Other Side

Oh! ye great and mighty mountains,
Devoid of shrubs and fountains;
Oh! ye that have witnessed the change of creeds,
And heard and smiled on all men's needs,
Art thou ever in sympathy with man,
Or doth scorn him as a mighty king can?
Oh thou! that doth so majestically stand,
While thy high peaks scan o'er our land,
If thou couldst speak, wouldst thou tell me,
A few of the thoughts that occur to thee?
Thou hast been my friend for years,
To thee I've confided my hopes, my fears,
Thou hast kept my secret well,
And never yet been known to tell.
Oh my mountains in the great and wild west,
Surely thou knowest all things best!
Of bygone years thou must be wise,
For thou hast witnessed man's fall and rise.
Oh thou huge, solid monument,
In thy great silence—eloquent.
Think thou that man forsaketh this earth,
And in another world doth take birth?
Or doth thou think it far too late
For man to benefit by another state?
Oh! canst thou not glance on the other side
And bring back the thoughts of those that have died?
Couldst thou tell them we do mourn,
Since Father Death took them in his arm?
If we could behold the other side now,
Would a skiff, with Father Death at the prow,
Be going toward the crowded banks
With passengers of many ranks?
And is it true that all is dim,
When first the souls have entered within

That dark and fearful region,
Where 'tis said they are met by a legion
Of angels that guard the entrance gate
Before the Master has pronounced their fate?
And does the Master His hands outhold
To welcome some within His fold?
And does He use a sterner tone
To those that must depart alone?
O, tell me! Does that region contain
A vast arid and desolate plain,
Where many poor souls are often confined
Until each to his place is later assigned?
And do they go moaning to and fro,
After they have been banished to woe?
O! surely ye know all these things,
Ye that possess the power of kings!
Will ye turn your ears again and listen to the wails of men?
O! can ye not try to answer me these,
Ye great tall and majestic Rockies?
You have ever been a sheltering rock
For man and man's wide-blown scattered flock;
It is well that man's secrets are hidden,
In a heart never entered, unless by Him bidden.
We are glad to know you will never impart
The secrets we have placed in your rock-word heart.

—L. R., '17.

The Chinook

1916

Freshman Class

CLASS OFFICERS

Class Professor	Dr. G. H. Garver
President	Ruth Harding
Vice-president	Mayme Barry
Treasurer	Bessie Day
Secretary	Sarah Dickson

CLASS MOTTO

To be, rather than to seem

CLASS COLORS

Purple and white

CLASS FLOWER

Violet

The Chinook

1916

Freshman Class Roll

Ruth Harding	Mamie Barry	Bessie Stone
Dorothy Poindexter	Bessie Day	Frances Weldon
Sarah Dickson	Fern Canty	Melva Stalcup
Ruth Mack	Edith North	Lena Criswell

Higher

Through another year of time we've passed.
Nineteen sixteen is here at last;
A year to be used by you and me.
Let this for ever be
Higher!

Perhaps a new task thou hast started,
Or from thy friends thou must be departed;
Though life be hard and trials be many,
It surely need not worry thee any.
Courage!

Now put into each day thy very best,
And work each hour with hope and zest;
Look pleasant, be cheerful, don't frown,
Get up! No matter if you are knocked down.
Forget it!

To each, dark days never fail to come;
But far away or in thy home
Brighten them up with a cheery smile,
Let this be your motto through every trial
Higher!

Just try to make for thy fellow men
A path that is smoother than thine hast been;
Just help them along life's weary way,
Make some one happier every day.
Be generous!

So try to live that when thou art gone
Thy life still forever live on,
Now shining like the mighty sun
In the kind good deeds that thou hast done.
Immortality!

Class Yell

Ching a ling! ching a ling!
Ching! ching! ching!
Our hat's in the ring!
By jing! By jing!

Dooley's Ghost

Some years ago, on a large cattle ranch in the Big Hole basin, many Danes and Missourians were employed. As you perhaps know, Danes and Missourians do not mix, consequently two bunk houses had to be built some distance apart. The one the Danes occupied was near the house, while the ones the Missourians occupied was near the barns south of the house. Even this distance did not prevent constant warfare between the two groups.

As it was spring, not all the men needed for the summer were yet hired, but seven Missourians and four Danes kept up the feud. The Danes could understand more English than they could speak. They were superstitious beings and were afraid of ghosts. This was especially true of Dooley, a recent addition to Denmark, the name which the Missourians had given the Dane's bunkhouse.

The only time that the two factions got together was at the table. Then, you may be sure, there were lively times, especially in the evening when there was plenty of time to talk. When they had their suppers half finished, Tal and Hob, the leaders of the Missourians, would swap stories. These stories were usually of ghosts. The one which had the best effect on the Danes was the one of a man who hanged himself in the barn of the ranch about five years before.

"Ever since it happened," Hob would say, "a ghost comes out of that barn at nights and walks around in the corral."

"Yes, and I remember one night it come right over to our bunkhouse," added Tal.

As the story proceeded to its end, Dooley would look from one to the other in terror and crouch lower and lower in his chair. As the men left the table, he would be careful to stay close to his companions the rest of the night.

One evening, when all the Missourians but Hob had gone to town, he decided to have some fun. So he, the chore-boy and the Chinese cook made their plans. At about eleven o'clock that night Hob, evidently becoming very lonely, went up to Denmark and asked Dooley to come down and sleep with him. After much persuasion Dooley consented to go, although he was very much afraid of the dark.

They started out together, Hob whistling bravely. Just after they had passed through the corral gate, Hob turned and saw coming behind them a tall, white figure. He clutched Dooley's arm and pointed. "What's that?" he whispered hoarsely. Dooley turned, then gave one mighty yell and made for the bunkhouse. He lunged against the door, but it would not budge. Without waiting for Hob, he tore wildly across the corral, bellowing at every step. The barbed wire fence at the other end of the corral stopped him not. He scrambled

through it headlong and ran across the field toward the river. Hob, scared about as much as Dooley at the outcome of his joke, and being afraid that Dooley had gone mad, rushed in pursuit. Through the stubbles, over ditches and boulders they raced. Hob yelled at Dooley to stop, but the latter, looking back and seeing Hob running after him, ran all the faster.

At last Hob caught him and with much effort managed to stop him. It was not mild and timid Dooley that he caught, though. All of Hob's strength was needed to hold him. He jerked and pulled and begged to be released. As a last resort Hob threw him down and sat on him till he quieted down. Then Dooley finally let Hob take him back home, but by a very roundabout way. No more chances would he take on meeting that ghost. All the way he kept looking behind him and muttering incoherently to himself. The rest of the night he lay on his bed and rolled his eyes wildly and talked in his mother tongue.

His fellow workers were almost as frightened as he. They stood around his bed like a group of mourners, waiting for the results. Early the next morning Dooley began to pack his belongings preparatory to leaving. He declared he would never remain another night on the ghost beridden ranch. The men tried to explain the prank to Dooley, but he would not believe a word they said.

Finally they took him up to the house where Ching Lee donned his ghostly apparel and showed poor Dooley the ghost of the night before.

"Me no hurt," Ching Lee told him, and at last Dooley believed.

The Chinook

PREPS

1916

Preparatory Class

CLASS OFFICERS

Class professor - - - - - DR. G. E. FINCH
President - - - - - EDNA WILLIAMSON
Vice President - - - - - - LILLIAN DEAN
Secretary - - - - - DOROTHY WILLIAMSON
Treasurer - - - - - - - CORA HAILS

CLASS COLORS

Green and White

CLASS FLOWER

White Carnation

CLASS MOTTO

"They can who think they can."

MISCELLANEOUS YELLS

1. We'll yell for the Seniors, for
They're a sturdy set,
We'll yell for the Juniors, for
They're gamesters, you bet,
We'll yell for the Freshies, for
They've a good team,
But at present we're yelling for the class of nineteen.

2. Have a heart, have a heart,
Give us wee, wee Preps a start,
Give us wee, wee ones a show,
We'll do better when we grow.

The Chinook

1916

Preparatory Class Roll

Carry Anderson
Irene Barrett
Julia Bray
Molly Clasby
Marie Evans
Grace Gerhart
Marjorie Maguire
Vera Norton
Elna Scott
Mary Joe Sisk
Dorothy Thomas
Dorothy Williamson
Nancy Anderson
Lela Bird
Mary Carroll
Ellen Corregan
Gladys Garr
Cora Hails
Florence Marchesseau
Mollie Parks
Lucy Seidensticker
Stella Stone
Ruth Warburton
Margaret Wisner
Lucile Darrett
Mary Bouyan
Hazel Carruthers
Lillian Dean
Grace Garr
Lena Kinneck
Maude Mantzer
Evelyn Rundle
Anna Shields
Anna Strode
Edna Williamson
Ida Wyant

PERMANENT YELL

O! My goodness sakes alive,
Boys and girls, we number thirty-five,
A gamer bunch you've never seen,
We're the class of nineteen!

Preps

Are we Preps a lucky lot
Or do we get the worst?
I'm wondering.
Some say we are a happy bunch,
Others say that we're the pets
Considering.

Well, I think that even if
We are the babies of the school
We're not spoiled,
For we seem to think of others
More than ourselves, and our names
Are never soiled.

Some are bright and some are not,
But one can never tell
Who is who.
We have a hard time telling
Our scholars and our athletes;
You would too.

But anyway, we think this class
Is about the best there is,
We've pep.
And if you see a lively person
Having lots of fun, you'll know
She's a Prep.

When a Family of Thirteen Goes to Church on Sunday Morning

Only on special occasions, such as Easter Sunday, children's day or Thanksgiving service does the entire family go to the morning services. When people wonder why all the family so seldom comes to church together, mother often wishes those persons might change places with her for one Sunday.

About half-past five the older boys get up, build the fire, and then go to the stables, as there are certain chores to be done at all times, Sunday or no Sunday. As a usual thing mother is the next on duty. She calls the children before she starts preparing breakfast. It is the only practical plan, if one wants the circle complete at breakfast. It is one thing to call all hands, and another to succeed in getting them up. At nearly seven o'clock mother steps to the stairway and calls, "Breakfast is ready." Must she call again? Oh, no. From every room and corner members of the family appear, fastening hooks, tying ribbons, some dressed, some partly dressed, the little tots being dressed by the older girls as they come—a hungry, healthy bunch. Laughing and joking, they take their places at the table, which is an oval-topped affair set with three places at one end, two at the other, and four at each side. The meal proceeds merrily, and when all have finished mother again takes affairs in hand.

"Now, I'll clear the table and wash the dishes, while you older ones get the little ones ready for church. It's almost eight, and church is at half-past ten, so there's no time to spare. Come, boys, hurry with your chores, because we mustn't be late."

A dash and a scramble follows, and mother starts the kitchen work. The table is not cleared before Lydia appears with the question, "Mamma, was my white guimpe in the wash this week? It isn't in my drawer." Mother tells her it is in the clothes closet, and she runs off. No sooner is she gone than Eleanor appears. "Mamma," she says, "do you know where the black comb is? All the rest are in use." "Yes, dear, it went down behind the dresser in my room, and I didn't have time just then to get it out." Exit Eleanor, enter Severine (who is also Bunnie) with Ernestine at her heels.

"Ernestine wont let me curl her hair, Mamma," Bunnie says.

"No, cause she pulls, she do, Mamma, and Tootsy will have to do it," says the spoiled youngster. So Tootsy is called and things proceed quietly for awhile.

Mother thinks she is going to be able to finish the kitchen work, but presently little Brainard steps in and with his nervous little laugh says, "I wish I knew where my clean clothes were; I'd dress myself, 'cause no one is getting me ready." Mother makes a remark about her soul, and with the boy in tow rushes in to see to things. All matters adjusted, she hurries back to put away her milk.

As she enters one door, the boys come in from the stables with a whoop and a hue and start things again.

"Where're all the washbowls? Have the girls still got 'em yet? I want some soap. Say, Mom, where'll I find a clean towel? Merciful Pat! It's a quarter to ten, and we rushed as fast as we could with our chores."

These demands appeased, mother starts to get herself ready, but Carl dashes back.

"Where's my suit? 'Tisn't in the clothes closet." She rushes to the rescue and finds it in its usual place, remarking, "Son, you should look closer. If it was a bear, you'd have been bitten." Whereupon he grins sheepishly and hurries off, knocking over a chair on the way.

By this time the five smallest have been placed on chairs with an elder to watch that they stay clean till the rest are ready. Mother happens to look into the front room. One glance is sufficient. A shriek! a gasp! And the beginning of an extensive tirade! There sits father in a far corner reading; house slippers on, clothes unchanged, unshaven, and serene.

Why, you see, the girls had every mirror in use, and there was such a jostle and jumble he thought he'd better wait and he hadn't noticed how late it was. Maybe—it would be too bad—but maybe he'd better stay at home.

Would he? Say, would he?

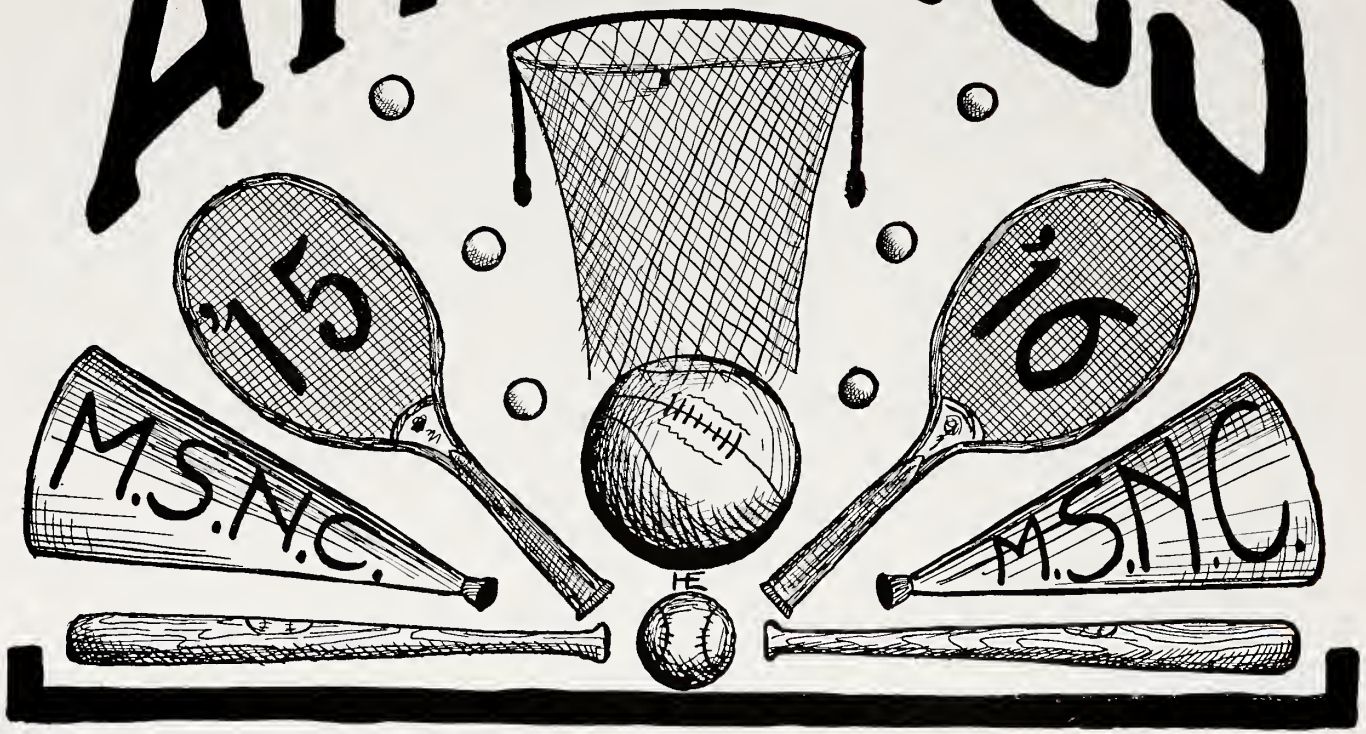
"Jane, lay out his clothes. Naomi, get his shoes out and lace them while he shaves, and I'll dash into my clothes." Thus mother orders right and left, and father is hurriedly dressed.

Now, every one is ready and assembled outside. It is a quarter past ten. Mother sighs as she closes the door. "What if someone should come before there is time to straighten the house after church—clothes, paper, combs, brushes and all out of place on the floor. But it can't be helped.

"Mercy! Where's the baby?" mother calls. "Ernestine!" No answer. "Baby!" Silence. But around the coal-house rushes a rooster and in close pursuit comes Ernestine, one stocking down, hair dishevelled and face and hat dusty. One of the children is dispatched for a dampened washcloth, and all who can find room pile in and onto the poor old Ford. The rest, with instructions from mother to walk at the side of the road out of the dust, proceed on foot. The little car groans and expostulates, but finally starts. The dog settles himself in the sun for the unusual two hours' quiet.

A Winter Scene

ATHLETICS



1916

The Chinook

Basketball Tournament

The basket ball season of 1916 was one of marked success. The tournament was extremely exciting, and much enthusiastic class spirit was shown throughout.

The Preps had the best basket ball team that any Prep class has ever had. Their speed was such that the more experienced teams were compelled to work hard to keep up with them.

The Freshmen had a strong team, but were handicapped by the injury to one of their players before the tournament took place.

The Seniors, too, were unfortunate in having some of their best players unable to enter the game on account of illness. Nevertheless, the Senior and Junior teams were well matched, as the final score proves. In the first Junior-Senior game the score was 17-15 in favor of the Juniors. When the whistle was blown at the end of the second game the score stood 13-11 in favor of the Juniors.

The teams were probably the strongest that the M. S. N. C. has ever produced, and all agree that some of the best games ever played on the floor were played this year.

Junior Basket Ball Squad

CHAMPIONS

CENTER

M. Seidensticker

FORWARDS

Agnes Lowney, Alta Heinrich, Laura Renouard, Angeline Maris

GUARDS

Mabel Peterson, Violet Manuel, Mae Loretz

SENIOR BASKET BALL SQUAD

COACH

E. R. Mösher

CAPTAIN

M. A. Pendergast

CENTER

Frances Baldwin, Edith Johnson

FORWARDS

Marguerite Pendergast, Marguerite Marcum, Edna Johnson
May Marchesseau

GUARDS

Ruth Steeves, Esther Busch, Katherine Hampston
Carol Scott, Cloea Thomas

FRESHMAN BASKET BALL SQUAD

COACH
J. B. Cluley

CAPTAIN
Bessie Day

CENTER
Bessie Stone

FORWARDS
Bessie Day, Dorothy Poindexter, Ruth Harding

GUARDS
Frances Weldon, Mamie Barry, Lena Criswell

PREP BASKET BALL SQUAD

COACH
G. E. Finch

CAPTAIN
Ruth Warburton

CENTERS
Ruth Warburton, Anna Shields

FORWARDS
Mary Joe Sisk, Hazel Carruthers, Dorothy Williamson, Lillian Dean, Maud Muntzer, Gladys Garr, Marie Evans, Phyllis Lloyd

GUARDS
Stella Stone, Vera Norton, Edna Williamson, Cora Hails, Grace Garr

Tennis

Tennis Tournament

The tennis tournament took place in November. The results were as follows:

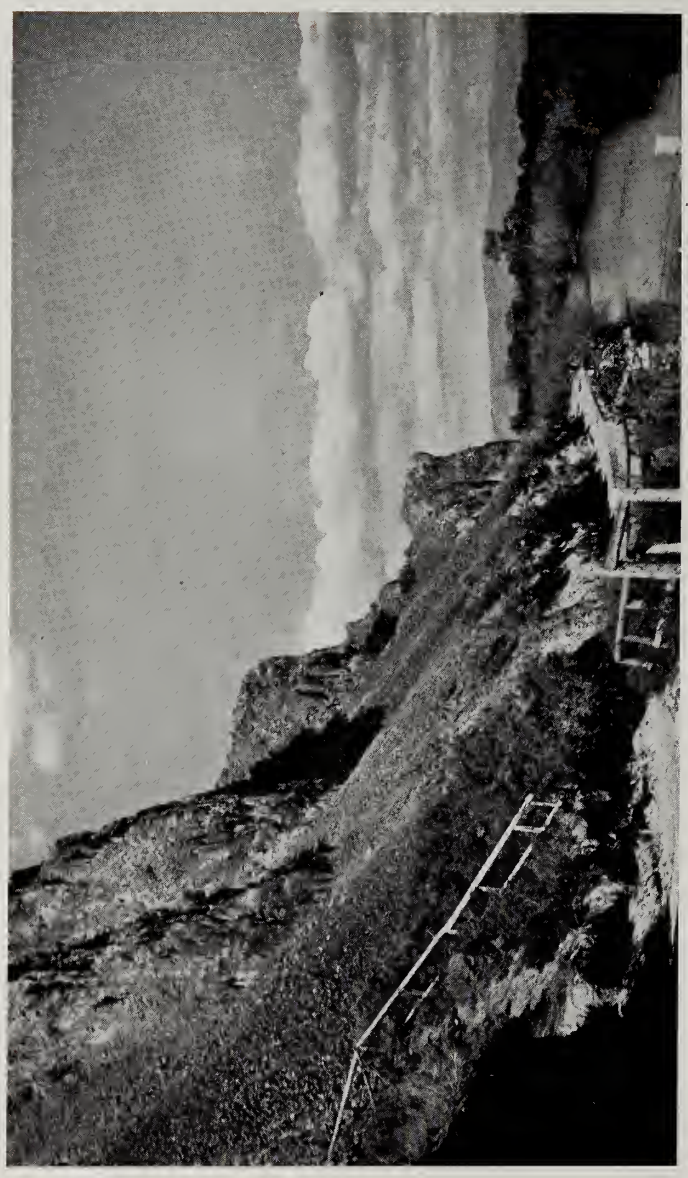
Student Boys' Singles	Henry Hoffland
Student girls' singles	Angeline Maris
Student boys' doubles	Hoffland and Provow
Student girls' doubles	Seidensticker and Maris
Mixed student doubles	Maris and Hoffland

Faculty men's singles	Mr. Mosher
Faculty women's singles	Miss Stark
Faculty men's doubles	Mr. Mosher and Mr. Cluley
Faculty women's doubles	Miss Stark amd Miss Hazard

Handsome loving cups were presented to winners of the student singles, and tennis pins were presented to winners in the doubles.

Tennis Club Officers

Mae Loretz - - - - - - - -	*President*
Mabel Seidensticker - - - -	*Vice-president*
Angeline Maris - - -	*Secretary and Treasurer*



The Faculty Family

Mother wondered what she'd do
With little J. B. C.
She decided finally
An artist he would be.

She had long before decided
That Grant E. Finch should rule
In far away Montana
In a humble training school.

And that little Nina Nash,
Under his advice,
In power and fame would slowly rise
And in this school would supervise.

She knew that bright little Addie Bettes,
With her overflowing knowledge,
Could teach a good sized methods class
In Montana's Normal College.

And Frankie, with his talent
And wondrous memory,
Could get a class at that same College
And teach it History.

Now, what to do with Bobby Clark—
The question of the hour.
"I'll keep him home to write abstracts
On Nature and its flower."

Walter was so awfully clever
That he could easily teach
The pupils of the Physics class
The heavens how to reach.

She wondered what she'd do with Edith,
The musical one so fair;
She resolved that she should start
A warbling class "out there."

They agreed to take Ray in the Normal College
If he would but teach a few
Of the short methods he had learned
For finding the square of two.

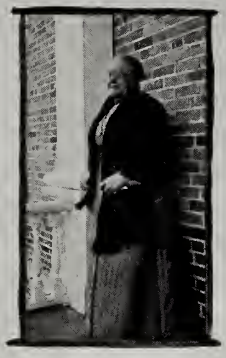
She had no fears for baby Ruth;
For it had oft been said,
"E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

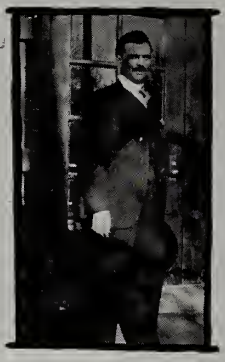
For all the others she had hopes;
They were all quite bright,
And if they got just half a chance,
She knew they'd do all right.

—L. R., '17.

The Chinook

FACULTY INFORMAL

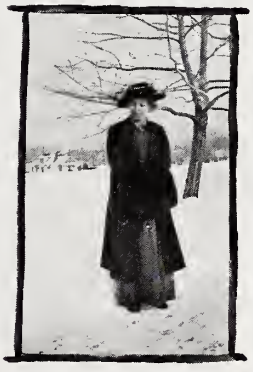




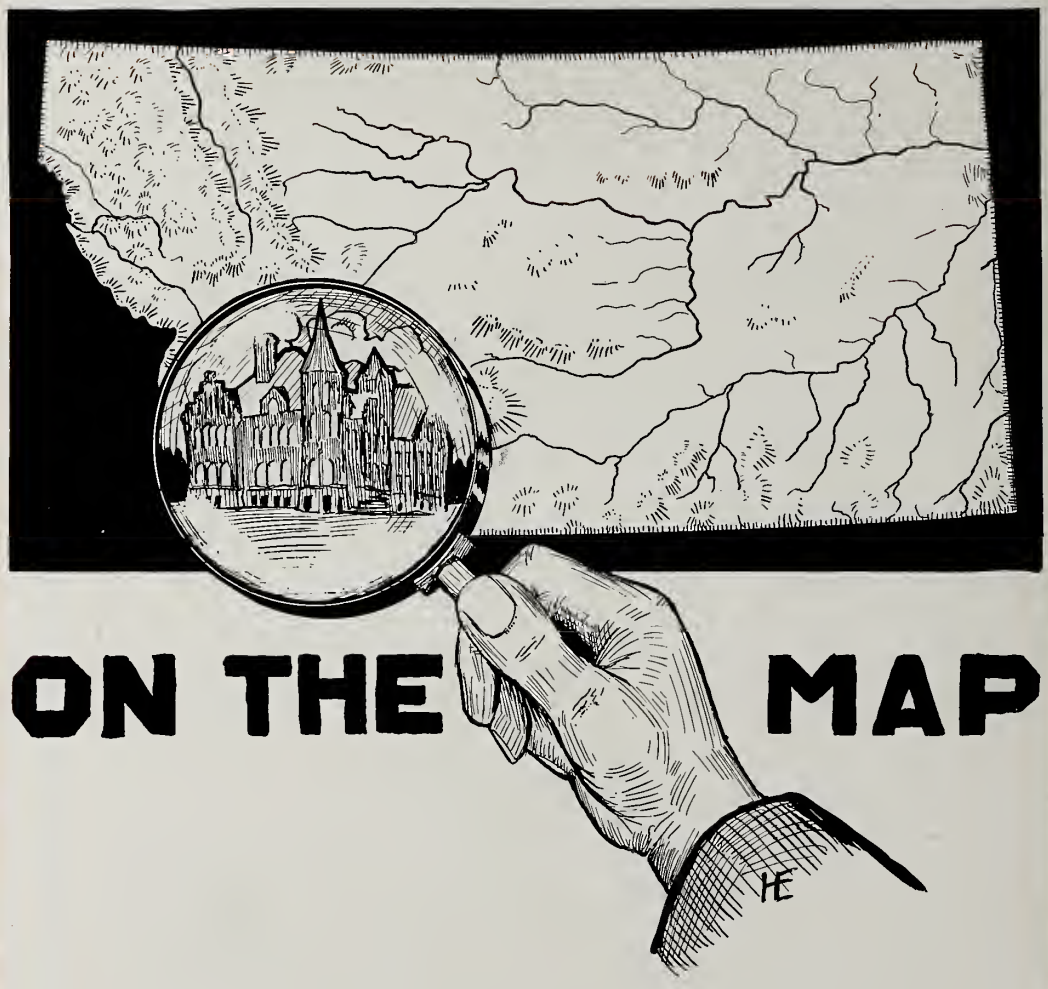
1916

The Chinook

FACULTY INFORMAL



1916



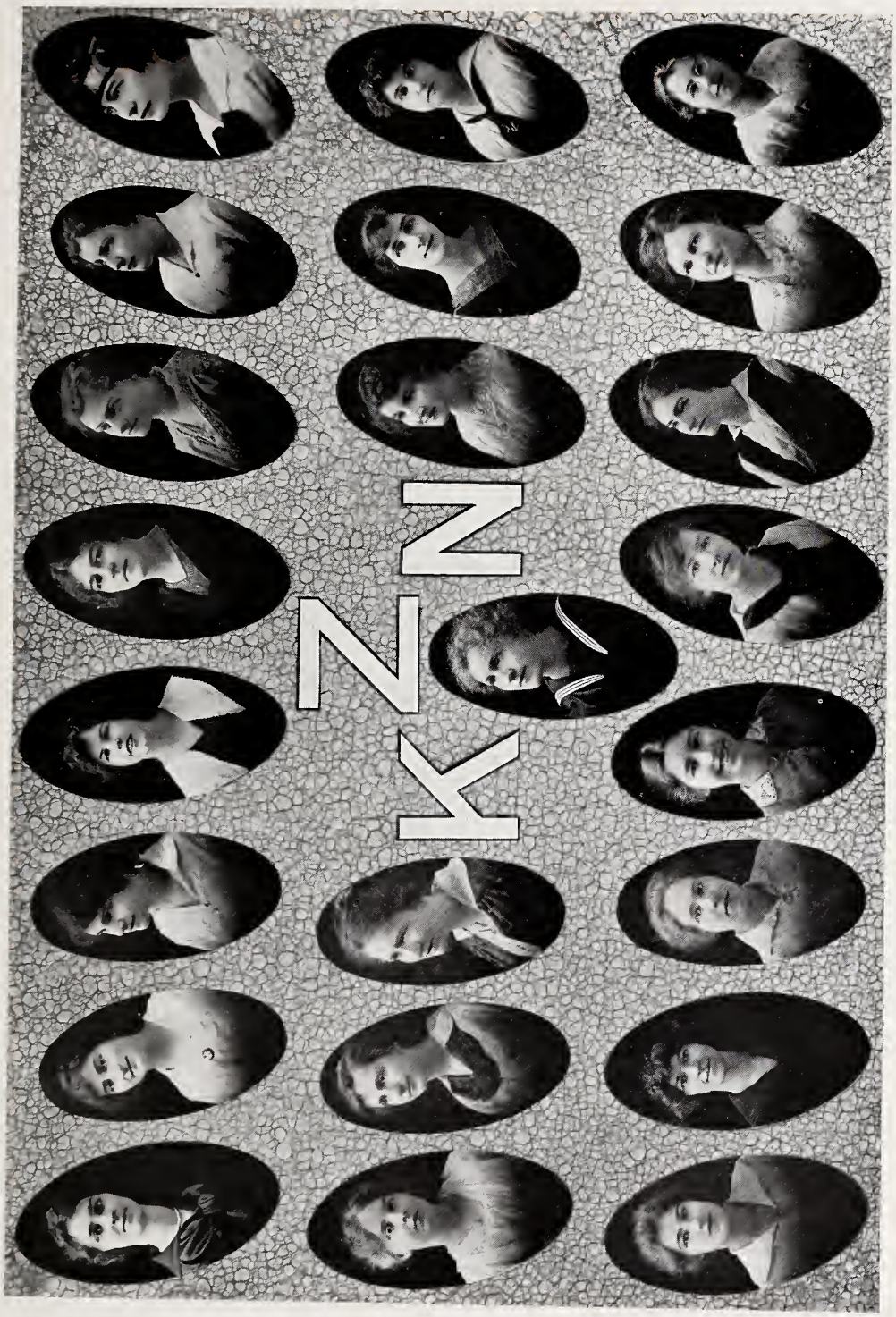
ON THE MAP

Clubs and Organizations

SORORITY OFFICERS

President - - - - -	Katherine Hampston
Vice-President - - - - - - -	Mae Dee
Secretary - - - - - -	Blanche Hurlburt
Treasurer - - - - - -	Edna R. Johnson

The Chinook



1916

Y.W.C.A.

President - - - - - - Jean Emerson
Vice-president - - - - - Florence Blomstrom
Treasurer - - - - - - Mabel Taylor
Secretary - - - - - - Patience Tenney

CABINET

All officers
Mabel Card
Helena Graham
Dorothy Mercier

The Young Women's Christian Association

The Y.W.C.A. has been one of the active organizations of the college this year. It has a membership of twenty-five. The following officers were elected in November: Jean Emerson, President; Florence Blomstrom, vice-president; Patience Tenney, secretary; and Mabel Taylor, treasurer. Mabel Card was appointed chairman of the missionary committee and D. Mercier chairman of the Social Committee. Mrs. Garver conducted a helpful Bible Study class on Wednesday evenings. The book studied was The Principles of Jesus. On the fourth of March an enjoyable social was held in the recreation room of the dormitory. About fifty students attended. This social commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Y.W.C.A. A program was given, after which games were played and refreshments served.

The P. I. G. Club

The P.I.G. Club, more familiarly known as the Pig Club, was founded by Professor Clark. In this club Nature figures very prominently. The meaning of the letters P. I. and G. is made known to members only. At the social meetings, breakfasts are cooked and served by the members themselves. The membership is restricted to those students who have successfully completed the course in biology. This year there are twelve members besides the Professor of Biology. Marguerite Pendergast is president of the organization.

German Club

GERMAN CLUB

The German Club

Bessie Thetge - - - - - - - *President*

Florence Blomstrom - *Secretary and Treasurer*

GERMAN CLUB PLAY

"Der Deutsche Verein in Berlin"

CAST

Die Begleiterin - - - - - - - Frau Kress
Der Lehrer - - - - - - - Herr Cluley
Der Assistant - - - - - - Herr Rollwitz
Der Fuhrer - - - - - - - Herr Price
Die Schulerin - - - All lady members of the Club

Child Study Club

A child Study Club composed of Seniors was organized in the fall under the direction of Professor Clark. Meetings were held in the dormitory parlors every Monday evening during the second quarter. At these meetings reports concerning the characteristics of children were given by members. Much benefit was derived from these reports and the discussions which followed them.

The Oratorical Association

OFFICERS

HOWARD B. EPLER - - - - - - *President*
OLIVER L. BAXTER - - - - *Vice-president*
BESSIE DAY - - - - *Secretary and Treasurer*

The local Oratorical Contest will take place April 7, this year. Present prospects indicate that this will be a record year for oratory at the Normal College. There is keen individual competition, and Dr. Garver has done much to arouse enthusiasm on the part of the student body. The winner of the local contest will meet orators from the other state institutions for the state honors.

In addition to the regular contest, there will also be an extemporaneous speaking contest to be held at a later date.

The Monmal

Editor-in-Chief	Helena Graham
Assistant Editor	Rosa Drummond
Assistant Manager	Alice Roe
Business Manager	Ethel Adams

CHINOOK OFFICE

Music at the Normal College has thriven this year. Under the able supervision of Miss Taylor, an Orchestra, a Sextette, and a Glee Club have been organized. These organizations have given entertainments which have added greatly to the pleasure of the students of the M.S.N.C.

Orchestra

First Violins

Ottomar Martius
Catherine Nilan

Second Violins

Marguerite Pendergast
Mary Joe Sisk

Drums

Mrs. Mosher

Cornet

Mr. Mosher

Pianist

Florence Blomstrom

Sextette

First Sopranos	*Second Sopranos*	*Altos*
Patience Tenney	Bessie Smith	Ottomar Martius
Alene McFadden	Marguerite Pendergast	Florence Blomstrom

GLEE CLUB

The Chinook

SNAPS

1916

The Chinook

1916

Sorority Night at the Normal

The stars dully gleamed through the lowering cloud,
And the night-winds shrieked in their blasts so loud,
While close to the earth all the trees were bowed,
On Sorority night at the Normal.

Unbounded and free was the reign of fright,
Uncanny and awful each sound and sight,
'Gainst Terror and Evil a losing fight,
On Sorority night at the Normal.

And though the poor victims both shivered and prayed,
They were led through by ghosts whom they wildly obeyed,
Left alone in the darkness and ofttimes mislaid,
On Sorority night at the Normal.

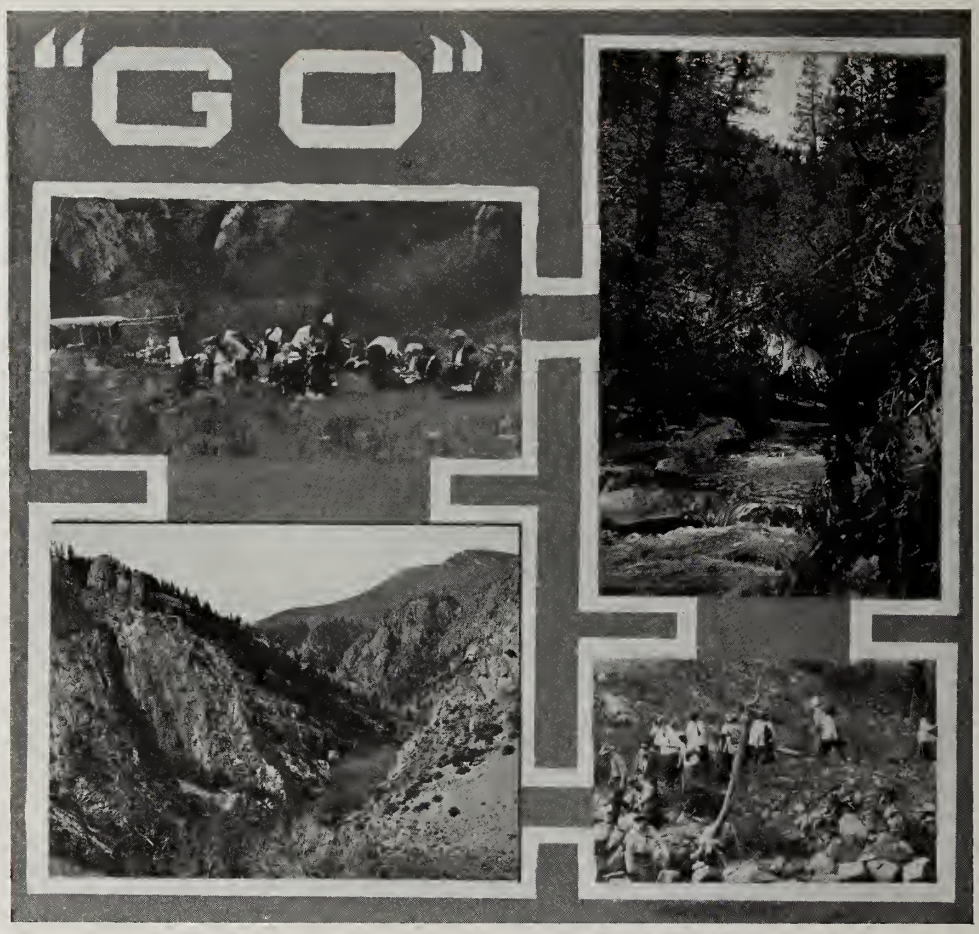
And the black night air echoed the uncanny shrieks,
As if some lone, lost soul, who for help vainly seeks,
And who out of the darkness, despairingly speaks,
On Sorority night at the Normal.

Oh awful the mis'ry, and frightful the woe,
Oh the sound of those voices, sepulchral and low,
Such a night those poor victims will ne'er again know,
As Sorority night at the Normal.

—Mae Loretz, '17.

1916
The Chinook
TRADITIONS

The Chinook



1916

The Chinook

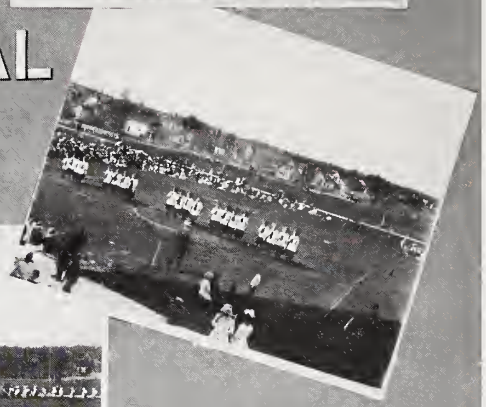
1916

The Chinook

1916

1916

MAY FESTIVAL



The Chinook

1916

"The POW WOW"

The Chinook

Normal Hill Locals

Molly Clasby is trying to find out how far it is from here to Apex by mail.

Cecil Renouard, who has been absent from some time past, has returned, and says Dillon is good enough for her and that she expects to die here. Funeral arrangements have not been made yet.

At a dance the other night "Penny" Pendergast got so tired talking to Oliver Baxter that she had to put the chin-rest back on her fiddle.

"Farmer John" was at the postoffice the other day inspecting a lot of stamps with a view of buying one in a few days.

Lena Criswell, who probably is the nicest girl in the Dorm, shocked Mable Taylor this week by raising only her eyebrows when she crossed a muddy place in the road.

In the excitement of the busy social whirl Miss Dorothy Williamson has forgot where she stuck her chewing gum the last time.

Mr. Ledebur bought a nickel's worth of thumb tacks at the Normal Hill hardware store, and some decided improvements are looked for in this vicinity in the near future.

Margaret Young is making a scrapbook out of patent-medicine clippings from the Dillon Examiner.

The Gossipers' Improvement Association announces, after a busy meeting Tuesday night, that it is very well pleased with Anah Kirk's new hat.

Howard Elliott Peck went to the postoffice Thursday and filed with the postmaster an application for a money order.

Slim Pickens (Bess C.), who borrowed fifty cents from Fit (Bess) Smith several weeks ago, spoke to her yesterday.

While gathering apples at Lovers' Leap one day, Frankie Baldwin fell out of the tree, but on account of her weight was not seriously injured.

Elihu Patrick accompanied Mamie Dowd from the City Shoe Store last Tuesday to assist her in carrying a shoe horn.

Kaiser Wilhelm der Letzte, who walks down occasionally from Apex, was an interesting curiosity on Normal Hill the other day.

The Normal orchestra is thinking about attending a party en masse next Saturday evening. While furnishing the music, they will stand in wishing distance of the ice cream and cake.

"Ep," the night watchman, is planning on making an important arrest as soon as he can find a suitable person.

Not having anything else to do, Katherine O'Brien climbed to the tower yesterday to watch the clouds go by.

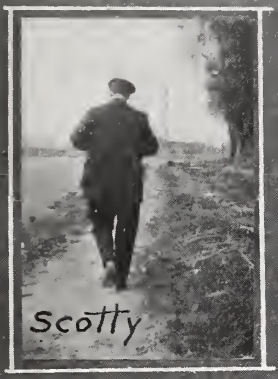
The county Soops arrived the other night. A receiving line met them at the station and received the promise of the best schools in the districts.

The Chinook

1916

The Chinook

ZOUAVE DRILL

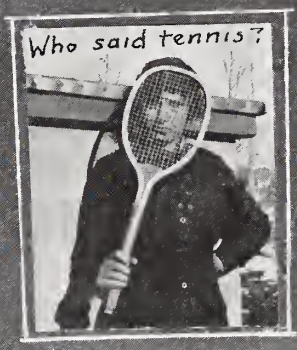


Scotty

A Pair Tree —

Bessie ——

Of



Who said tennis?

"All Aboard"

1916

Traditions

September ever the Go does bring,
When into hayracks we lightly spring
And start for our outing in Sheep Canyon,
Nor student nor faculty lacks joyful companion.
At Hallowe'en we all do meet,
Our friends in various guises meet;
The students and faculty each gave a "stunt,"
For a happier company far must one hunt.
The Seniors start the social ball
And entertain the classes all;
A party unique each year they plan,
Receive their guests as Seniors can.
We have May festival so rare,
For which we choose a queen most fair.
She rules o'er a vast, accomplished band,
Who do many drills and dances grand.
The Pow Wow always comes late in May,
A short time before graduation day;
The Seniors, attired as Indians, yield
To the worthy Juniors' command of the field.
Now, these do compose our traditions so dear,
We note them at Normal once every year;
That they are most pleasant, we'll all agree,
And e'er cherish traditions of M. S. N. C.

JOKES

Senior Alphabet

A stands for Anna, whose last name is Quinn.
B stands for Bessie, who isn't too thin.
C stands for Carol, whose song is so bright.
D stands for Dotty, who works with a might.
E stands for Ella, who answers the door.
F stands for Frances, who lives on first floor.
G stands for Gertrude, who's always in place.
H stands for Helena, who tats much lace.
I stands for Iva, initials, and in.
J stands for Julia, who has Irish for kin.
K stands for Katherine, whom we love very much.
L stands for Lowther, who surely is not Dutch.
M stands for Muzetta and Marguerites three.
N stands for naughty, which Seniors can't be.
O stands for Oliver, whose movements are quick.
P stands for Powers, who often looks sick.
Q stands for Quinn—our Anna, we mean.
R stands for three Ruths—some fat, some lean.
S stands for Spencer, our only Ray.
T stands for Theresa, whose study does pay.
U stands for Ullrich's, where Mae Dee does teach.
V stands for voice, which helps all in speech.
W stands for willingness, our worth, and our work.
X stands for quantities of unknown things.
Y stands for Young and more little things.
Z stands for zest, which has put us in line to draw a big salary when it comes our time.

M. C. (upon reading sign for physical examination)—I wonder who will conduct the examination?
B. L. (innocently)—Why, the physics teacher, I suppose.

Miss Bettes (in phonics class)—Miss Nilan, if you were discussing the "og" family, what would you say?
Catherine—O, Gee!

Miss Nash (pronouncing)—Pneumatic tire.
Epler (writing)—You may retire.

Miss Nash (in spelling)—Nickel is a bird which belongs to the family of Finches—the seed eaters.

Miss Carson—I suppose the correct thing for me to do would be to hang around after school and go down the street with my arms around you. I'm not going to do this, understand. Of course, Mr. Baxter is excepted.

Dr. Finch (calling for biographies)—Patrick Henery—oh, she's not here.

THE IDLER.

Sleeping, eating, giggling, onward through life she goes;
Each morning leaves some task undone, each evening seeks repose.
Nothing attempted, nothing done; no one can say to her, "Well done."
Blessed is the Normal that talketh not in the classes of the faculty,
Or standeth in the halls of the College,
Or sitteth on the stairs of the building.
But her delight is the words of her teacher,
And over these words she doth meditate, day and night.
The nonattentive are not so,
But are like the gossip, which their mouths carry away.
Therefore, the nonattentive shall not stand in the halls of fame, or
Sit in the chair of the learned,
But shall live their lives foolishly,
No higher than the dust from which they sprang.

BOOKS WE HAVE EVER WITH US.

Ye Old Curiosity Shop	Bobby's Laboratory
The Crisis	Examinations
The Masqueraders	The Bluffers
The Helper	Mosher
The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew	Ledebur Kids
Freckles	Dorothy Mercier
The Harvester	Movies
The Spoilers	Late Hours
The Duchess	Ella Kramer
The Flirt	Mable Roberts
Alice	Alice Roe
Travels With a Donkey	Violet Manuel
The Feminine Offender	Elliott
The Iron Woman	Kate Scully
Just For Two	The Chinook Office
Just Sixteen	Molly Clasby
Heart of the Desert	Dillon
Heart's Content	Lover's Leap
Anna's Babies	Maude and Ella
Little Miss Grouch	Laura Renouard

WHO WANTS TO KNOW

If Mosher said, "A never welcome guest" or "An ever welcome quest?"
Who has a Manual?
Who will wash the Dorm. cat?
Who got through in spelling?
Who belongs to the barnyard chorus?
If Bessie is worth one Day?
If Pete won her bet?
Who is Mable Hungate's man?
Why the girls wore orange?
Why Bill doesn't get the mate to his roller-skate?
Who hasn't promised her tub?
If a germ is a germ in Germany, what is it in France? (Parasite.)
Where Dezell got her stand-in?
Why the Bitter Root kids are always buying shoestrings?
Who says "Cheer up—there ain't no hell?"

Passing the Mustard

Mr. Scott—The center of gravity is three feet from L.

Mr. Mosher—Should it be against the law to ride sidewalks on bicycles?

Miss Carson—How old was Sallie McBride in the story?

A. H.—I don't think she was over twenty-eight, because she still had hopes of getting married.

Mr. Garver—King Henry VII's money would have melted if he had taken it with him when he died.

Bobby (in school hygiene)—Who'll take the janitor?

I. B.—I will.

Iva (reading)—She was thin unto emancipation (emaciation). (And she got 90 in oral expression.)

Mr. Scott—Mr. Hoffland, you cannot come to physics class until you get a Manual.

Mr. Hoffland—What kind? I have one already.

Teacher—Give the functions of the brain.

Frances Clague—It is the center of the five-cent organs.

Mac—What are you looking for, Arabella?

A. McR. (with magnifying glass and monocle)—I'm looking for Victoria.

M. B.—Look out, Stella, or I'm liable to smash your head.

S. Stone—Oh, you couldn't smash a stone.

E. W.—Muntzer, why in the world do we have heads?

M. M.—Well, I don't know, unless it is to keep our hats on.

First S.—I hear they buried the janitor last week.

Second S.—Yes, they had to; he died.

Freshie—When I get to heaven, I'm going to poison the guy that invented chemistry.

Prep—Maybe he isn't in heaven.

Freshie—Well, you do it for me, then.

Chemistry Teacher—Where do the most changes occur in experiments?

Freshie (aside)—In Reno.

Prep—What's the difference between a Junior and a Freshman?

Freshie—The Freshmen are noted for mental capacity, while the Juniors are noted for incapacitated mentality.

First was feeding the cat a weeney at the table.

Second Girl—Have you no sense? Cats don't like dogs.

Mr. Mosher—You didn't get that? Well, if you will give the board your attention, I'll run over it again.

Junior—Gee! Some athlete. (And he wonders why we don't understand stocks and bonds.)

Senior (reading sign)—Red Rock—30 miles.

Mae L.—Please don't get personal.

Critic—First to board, second to board, third to board—

Wise Observation Student (taking notes)—All aboard.

WHO BELONGS TO WHAT

The black velvet skirt
The red middy
The green middy
The black and white middies
A few red skirts
The tango coat
The blue dress
The new hat

A DREAM FRAGMENT.

With wandering footsteps I rambled
Toward the school in the darking west,
As the first beams of moonlight were creeping
O'er a purple cloud's billowy crest.

I paused and gazed up at the towers,
That ended in star-betopped spires;
The wind, faintly stirring the willows,
Whispered notes sweet as from fairy lyres.

The full witching spell of the hour
Filled my heart with a seething unrest;
Through the realm of the past it led me,
Though I walked, an unbidden guest.

Ah! I gazed on an old feudal castle,
With its turrets and spires gleaming white;
All was silent, and yet 'round me whispered
The myriad voices of night.

Then my ear caught the creak of a lattice,
And I saw it swing out from the wall,
And the shadowy form of a woman
Appeared at a low, vibrant call.

A knight stepped from the rushes behind me,
A watcher, my senses were mute;
And the sweet silence was broken
By the low, luring strains of the lute.

Then the town clock struck up in its tower;
Was I dreaming? Ah, no; it was ten;
I felt crushed by the weight of the power,
That time passing had over men.

A dreamer, I turned from the tower;
Ah, yes, the night air struck me chill,
Yet I felt I would live in the memory,
And my dream mayhap time would fulfill.

LEST WE FORGET

Miss Bettes'—"Teachers"
Miss Nash's—"Agreed"
Bobby's—"Discou'agement"
Scott's—"You didn't, didn't you?"
Miss Carson's—"Committee of Nomenclature"
Dr. Finch's—"Preps"
Garver's—"Just let me say"
Mosher's—"Short methods"
Monroe's—"Announcements"
Covington's—"Class attention"
Cluley's—"Perspective"
Taylor's—"Elimination of monotones"
Kress's—"Composition"

The Chinook

By Their Clothes Ye Shall Know Them

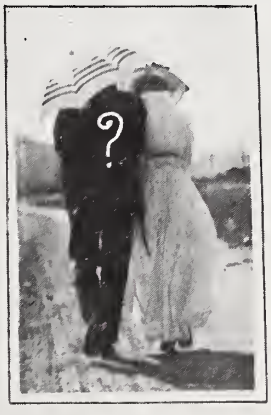
1916

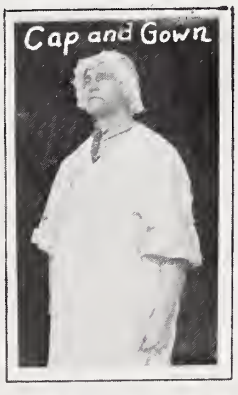
The Chinook

CO — EDS

SUMMER

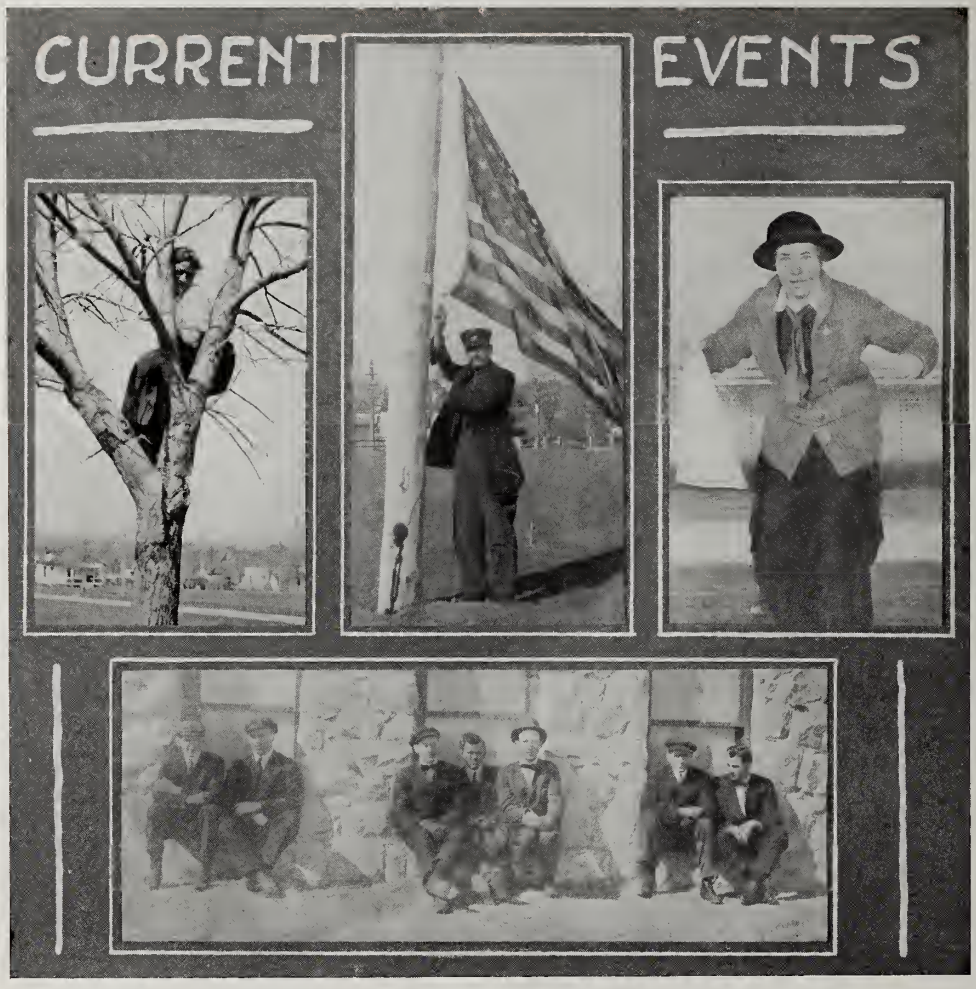
BUNCH





1916

The Chinook



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CALENDAR

1916

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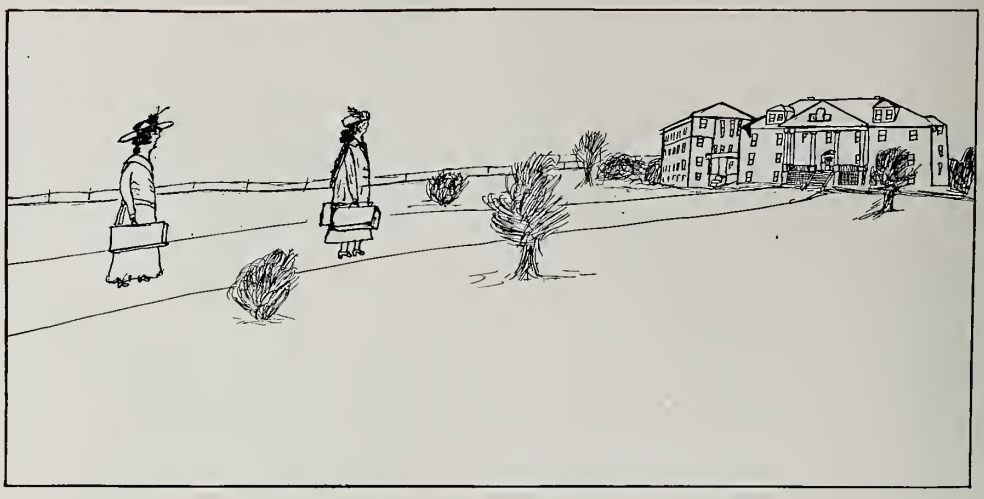


September

6. Students arrive in Dillon.

7. Enrollment day.

11. A lonesome Saturday.

15. Organization of classes.

25. The "Go." Dick Price helps guide.

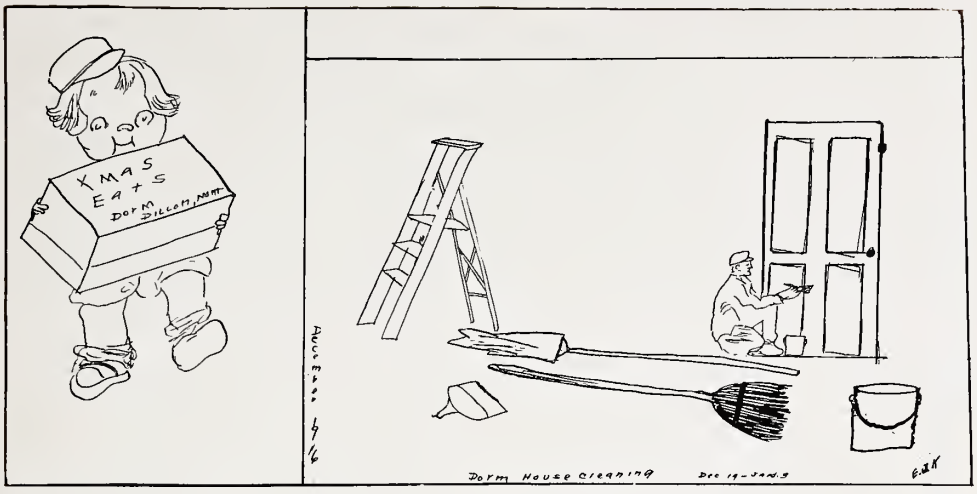
30. Only eight more months till graduation day.

October

1. Tennis players warm up.
6. Tennis Club organized. Mae Loretz, president.
13. President Monroe begins a series of addresses in Convo.
14. Teaching plans due.
15. Teaching plans DUE.
16. Teaching plans rejected.
18. Practice teaching begins.
20. Rev. Selinger speaks in Convo.
23. Provow looks natural again.
27. "If I Were a Student Again," by Rev. Humphrey, in Convo.
29. Seniors in Dorm. kitchen. Result—popcorn balls.
30. Hallowe'en party. "Men vote—why can't I?"

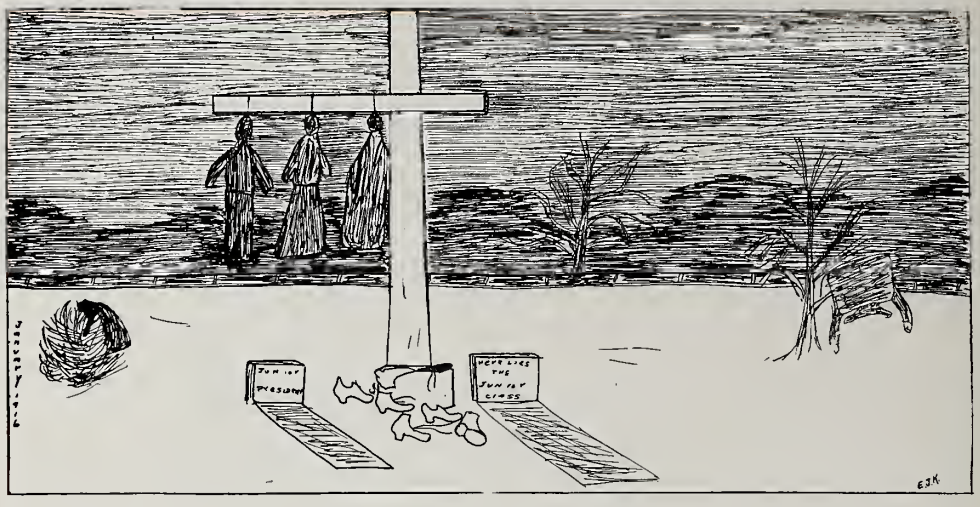
November

3. Dr. Garver speaks in Convo on "Pan-Germanism."
4. Just eight more months till Fourth of July.
5. Mr. and Mrs. Garver entertain Freshman Class.
6. Tennis tournament begins.
10. Miss Carson speaks in Convo on John Masefield.
19. German Club meeting at the home of Mrs. Cushing.
20. Boxes begin to arrive from home. Numerous Dorm. spreads.
24. Start home for Thanksgiving.
25. O, you turkey!
28. Senior Sunday for Elizabeth Harrison.
29. Second quarter begins (so does Oral English).



December

1. "Good-bys" to Elizabeth Harrison.
4. Tennis Club entertainment. Trophies awarded.
8. Dr. Garver lectures on "European Situation."
9. Numerous flunks in class—too early hours.
10. Recital by Miss Hatch's pupils.
11. Basket ball practice commences.
17. Christmas vacation begins!
20. Provow goes out to see Bill (?).



January

3. Normalites start home.

4. The familiar noise returns to the Dorm.

7. Baxter calls mass meeting in Oral English class. Discussion of the Chautauqua.

8. "The Servant in the House" presented in the Auditorium.

9. Professor Clark speaks in Convo on "Woman."

12. John B. Ratto, impersonator, entertains.

15. German Club Weinachsfest. Mr. Cluley is some teacher.

21. Domestic Science class visits meat market. Dr. Garver tells them how to buy weenies.

22-23. Juniors abstracted the "Eye."

27. Midwinter rhyme, "Nose froze, so's toes." (48° below.)

30. It's been Leap Year a month, and nothing has happened yet.

February

7. Pledge night!

8. "One step forward, two steps back—"

9. How this does the pledge girls rack.

9. Sorority Convo. "Yankee Doodle" terribly punished.

10. Strain of being on time for meals tells on pledge girls.

10-12. Elson Picture Exhibit at the Training School.

12. Some rooms cleaned before breakfast by pledge girls.

Initiation day at last.

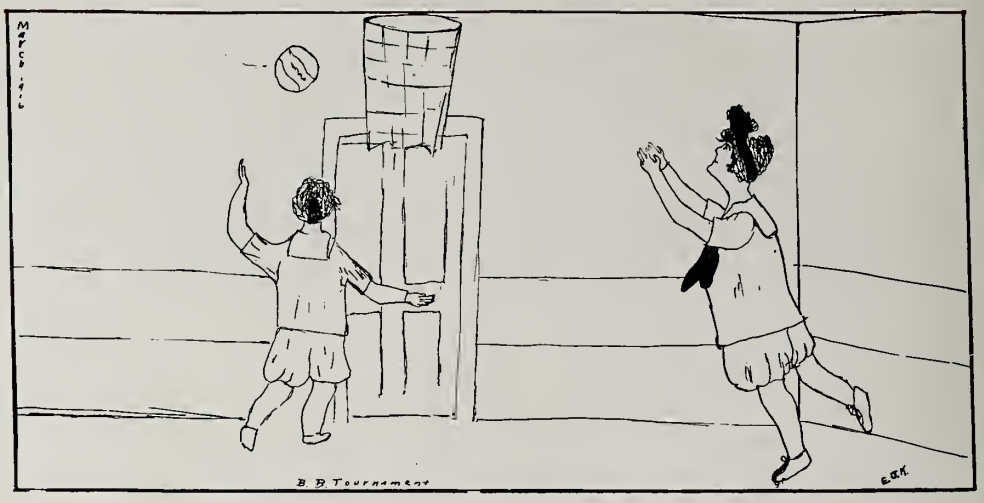
19. Senior Colonial Party in gym.

20. Sunday. No school.

27. Ice cream for dinner.

28. Yell practice in Rec. room.

29. Chancellor Edward C. Elliott speaks in special Convo.



March

1. President Nash of the Bellingham Normal speaks in Convo.

3. Oral English exam. Nuf sed!

4. Bill visits Provow.

5. Sunday again.

6. Third quarter begins.

9. Recital in Convo by Miss Hatch and pupils.

13. Basket ball tournament commences. The rumor is unfounded that Henry flew out of the window.

14. Lecture by Dr. Garver on "Historical Sites in Montana."
Banquet for County Superintendents.

24. Senior B. B. girls entertained by Mr. Mosher. Nine rahs for our coach!

26. Bill comes to town.

27. Basket ball tournament ends. Juniors are champions.

29. Maurer Sisters at the Auditorium.

April

1. "April Fool!"
2. Only sixty more days till vacation!
5. Scotty marches out of Convo to one-step music.
7. Preliminary Oratorical Contest.
9. Baxter celebrates his birthday.
10. Old Home Singers at Auditorium.
12. Extemporaneous Speaking Contest.
14. Miss Hatch's recital.
15. Glee Club picnic.
20. Easter vacation begins.
23. Easter Sunday.
24. Back at work.

May

May festival.
Sorority pledge week. Juniors get theirs.
Glee Club Cantata.
Senior play.
Pow Wow.
Junior Banquet.

24. Senior Convocation.
Seniors don caps and gowns.
President's Farewell Address.

28. Baccalaureate Sermon by the Reverend Humphrey.

31. Commencement day and hard-earned Sheepskins.

June 1. Tearful farewells.

A Montana Lake

The Chinook

GOOD NIGHT

1916

The Chinook

1916

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OUR ADVERTISERS

We vouch for the business men who have advertised with us. In a large measure we owe the publication of this volume to their generous response to our call for advertisements. Do not fail to give them your patronage. It will help them and incidently help you

I have a Great Work in Hand—Cicero

Each and every one has a great work in hand—his own destiny. Often four eyes are better than two in tracing the river of success to its source, and often a suggestion from a banker helps materially in getting started right

The Savings Bank is a Persistent Reminder of the Necessity that Lies on Every One to Provide for Future Needs

State Bank of Dillon

A. L. Stone, President

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A Circulation that Appeals
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THE THREE STANDARDS OF THE WORLD
YOU WILL EVENTUALLY BUY ONE OF THE THREE

The Palm Candy Kitchen

Sweets for the Sweet

Delicious Home-Made Candies
Ice Cream Soda. Frozen Dainties

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Prices Most Reasonable

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Four new automobiles in rent service

The Best Service at All Times

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Dillon, Montana

When you are a little puzzled and don't know just what you want or should buy in the way of ladies' or men's ready to wear and furnishings, come and let us show you, as our stock is always complete and quality featured first and prices a little less.

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NEW STORE

We Carry a Full Line of

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Pillow Tops

Also take orders for Pennants and Pillows

Ask us for prices.

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The First National Bank

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We carefully guard the interests of our customers in every possible way. All business transactions with this bank are regarded as strictly confidential

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J. H. GILBERT, Cashier

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Public Stenography
Houses for Rent

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Prosperity has ruined many a man for his own good.

Don't go joy riding with any one you wouldn't be caught dead with.

The man who only stands and waits can always be found waiting at the same old stand.

A man will never find his right place in life if he thinks somebody else has it.

It is the man who does his best who isn't out any thing if he fails.

The man who cannot handle to-day is no match for to-morrow.

The ladder of success is not made up of one round of pleasure after another.

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ALBERT STAMM

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Dry Goods

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Stacy Adams Shoes

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Summer Quarter begins June 6, ends August 25, 1916.
Autumn Quarter begins September 12, ends November 29, 1916
Winter Quarter begins December 5, 1916

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The new and novel, the unique (yet not overmuch so) and the helpful, are linked closely to low prices here—prices that stand out boldly and represent values of intrinsic worth. Whether for immediate wear or for later in the season the happy suggestions will appeal with telling force.

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The morning-glory is prettier than the buckwheat cake but you can't eat morning-glories.

Some people wait till the wings of morning are pretty well clipped before they get out of bed.

Some people are like shadows, they are with you only when everything is fair.

EXCHANGES

Patient: Oh, Doctor, I have a terribly tired feeling all the time.

Physician: Let me see your tongue, madam.

Jones: I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown: No, he stays home now and enjoys life in his own way now, as I want him to.

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Our prices you will find are no higher for the best than is asked elsewhere for ordinary kinds. Out-of-town residents, who receive Butte papers, can take advantage of every special offering quoted in our daily advertisements.

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May you all be prosperous and happy in the work for which you are preparing yourselves.

Very truly yours,

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LEAP YEAR FIGURING

When she reaches sixty-eight,
February twenty-nine,
Should a spinster meditate:
"Slim the chances that are mine?"
Nay, her eyes may brighter shine
With anticipation keen,
Since her birthdays demonstrate
That she is only seventeen.

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FURNITURE
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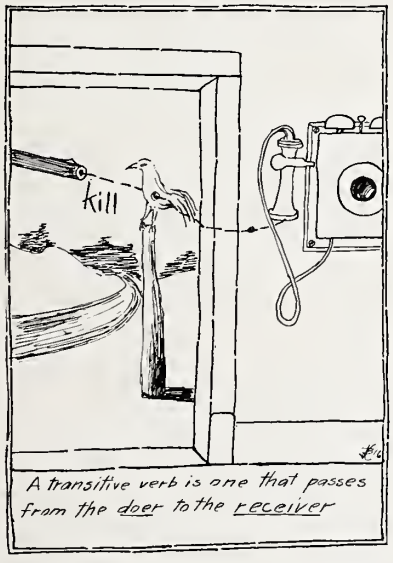

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Dentist

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"Don't you believe it. Sometimes it is due to his lack of credit."

A woman may be fickle
In constant, too, we find,
May sometimes change her husband
And often change her mind;
But in one thing she's loyal
As a soldier to his flag—
She clings with moist persistence
To her chamois powder rag.

HAY RICH PHILOSOPHY

No man is a complete failure who succeeds in making a perfect fool of himself.

A woman is sometimes known by the dogs she keeps.

Genius consists in a talent for making good.

To the pessimist life is just another name for the morning after.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

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PAUL BROWN
The Merchant Tailor

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Envy is the by-product of success.

Worry is all right but don't make it a creed.

Misery loves company but is usually of the unrequited sort.

"Did you say he lived in New York day in and day out?"
"No, day in and night out."

"Do you think Boggins has any sense of humor?"
"Why not? He told me yesterday that he enjoyed being alone with himself".

"So Miss Bangor played for you. She claims that she made the piano speak."
"Well, I'll bet if it spoke, it would say, 'Woman, you have played me false'."

In a sand pit William fell
Swallowed earth from out the pit;
Father smiled and calmly said:
"Brave boy. Will is full of grit!"

The answers that our questions bring
Oft fill us with surprise;
Asked how he stands, a candidate
Will tell you how he lies.

Said the Engineer
To the Co-ed dear:
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I shall unlucky be,"
"Then," murmured she,
"A shore I'll be.
Come rest the journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
But all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.